

HECTOR & ACHILLES.

A BOOK OF POEMS.

Sentimental, Pathetic and
Philosophical.

See

*These sweet lovely poems are just too too,
Forsooth they will fluster the wits
With our too too, too too, we will warble to you,
Kind reader for only four bits.
Are'nt you glad?*



HECTOR AND ACHILLES.

DIALOGUES AND OTHER POEMS,

*Descriptive of Mankind, the Mind and the diversities
of Nature.*

BY

E. P. DICKERMAN.

Enchanting Poesy bring sparkling grace,
Adorn the prosy theme, with flowery trace
Create a world of beauty,
For 't is thy charming duty
To spin the gauzy, delicate web of lace.

ST. LOUIS.

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E. P. DICKERMAN, IN THE OFFICE OF THE
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Singing rosy Love's confusion,
Or that beautiful illusion,

Cause of all our mortal woe;
Blooming beauty, gay and smiling,
Thus to mirth or love beguiling—

Man creation's lord we know,
Frequently will trouble borrow,
Tossed about by gloomy sorrow.

Brilliant qualities of mind
Sparkle forth their scintillant graces,
Brightly intellectual faces,

Glow with sentiments refined.

Far we stray o'er flowery meadows,
Charmed by changing lights and shadows,

Lovely flowers we fain would cull;
Rhythmical delineation
Limned by light imagination

Makes the theme all beautiful.

INTRODUCTION.

(*Illiūm Fuit.*)

I sing no Trojan feats of arms,
Nor stratagems, nor war's alarms
That human heroes and divine
Engaged long centuries ago.
The gods, while wandering to and fro,
Upon our earth, their powers combine,
To aid or thwart their friends or foes;
But when the deities oppose
Each other, then such fury reigns
That only Homer's pen can tell
Within our world, as envious Hell
Could equal on her burning plains,
Or covet for her dolorous realms;
While Hell's grim monarch shame o'erwhelms,
That such unfaith and stratagem
Were not his planning. Thus it was—
That lovely woman was the cause
That Grecian troops around did hem
The far-famed city, ancient Troy,
And all their skill and strength employ,
To batter down beleaguered walls,
The beauteous Helen to regain.
Brave heroes combat on the plain;
There valiant Hector fights, and falls
A victim to his brother's love.
While far away, Imperial Jove
From towering Samothrace looks down.
With wondrous wisdom flaming far,
Quaint Homer sang that ancient war,
And won imperishable renown
As king of poets and of men.
His works admired now as then,
Those scenes they rarely represent.

(Dum Vivimus, Vivamus.)

Our heroes being comrades dear,
They battle not with sword and spear,
In the broad fair field of argument,
For armed, with logic's mail, they roar;
Adorn with gems of classic lore,
The thoughts they utter now and then.
And, being trained by mental toil,
Judiciously they fence and foil.

Their weapons though but tongue and pen,
Effectual are as David's sling,

With which he did the pebble fling,

And, huge Philistine braggart slew.
Their thoughts flash out as bright and keen,
As fencer's swords of glancing sheen

Yet gentle as the falling dew,
The gay retort and repartee.

With all their generous rivalry

Of satire wit and ridicule;
There is an undercurrent still,
Of courtesy and kind good will,

A little like the golden rule.

And as a valued painting hung
With reference to light and shade,
That all its beauties might parade,

Thus be their bright effusions sung
With modicum of ecstacy,
Until the last posterity

As frequently as best shall seem.

The mind so fraught has gayly wrought
With intertexture of rich thought,

Imagination's blissful dream,
That like the glowing bright sunbeam,
Enlivens with a sparkling gleam,
And lovely woman is the theme—
And man the lord of earth supreme.

HECTOR AND ACHILLES.

(Non bellum, sed amor.)

Sing not to me of battle's rolling drums,
And war's delirious fever;

I quote the chat of two poetic chums.
However, not forever.

Nor cannon's sullen boom nor bullet's whiz
Nor war's wide desolation,
The theme; but love's delusive witcheries
And desperate flirtation.

While they among earth's favored ones may ride
In Fortune's gilded carriage,
Their qualities of heart are true and tried,
Nor slanders can disparage.

Abundant wealth upon them Fortune laid,
The goddess kind disposes
Her lavish gifts; indeed they could have made
Their home a bower of roses.

But Fortune's grand munificence was spared
By common sense and prudence,
While bravely through the sciences they fared,
Two merry, jesting students.

To discipline, develop mental powers,
Those youths did go to college,
The classics to peruse through weary hours,
And other tomes of knowledge.

Not always wrestle they with themes abstruse
To win a just approval.
They read love-letters, all important news,
And frequently dime novel.

But each an ornament has proved to be
Unto his Alma Mater;
And more, an intellectual prodigy,
And still becoming greater.

(Gradus ad Parnassum.)

From grave to gay the poem varies,

As indicated by the poem ;

At times they sing like sweet canaries,

Again recite a 'prosy poem.

With voices clear as the birds in the morning,

They sing you carols sentimental

With tropes and figures fair adorning,

Like flowery song of Oriental.

And, as in all the beauteous phases

Of verse, they turn and twist and double

Awhile the fire of genius blazes,

And then o'erwhelmed by waves of trouble,

They float upon the limitless ocean,

The stormy sea of public opinion ;

And yield to every bright emotion,

In glowing Poesy's dominion.

PART I.

WOMAN.

PRELUDE

E'en as the golden haired Aurora,
 With chrystal dew the fields impearls,
 As bright adorned with radiant beauty,
 Appear the merry, blooming girls.
 Upon the heart made wreck by sorrow,
 Their words fall soft as balmy dew,
 Whose dulcet sounds will ease our troubles,
 The sunshine of our lives renew.
 An angel to this wor'd is woman
 With all her bright and winning ways,
 Refining sympathetic Nature
 And justly worthy of all praise.

Couleur de rose.

In a lovely bower of roses
 Doth a fair maid dwell,
 With the delicate complexion
 Of the pink sea shell.
 She is blest society,
 While she smiles so prettily,
 And I love her too; too well.
 Lawn, and lea, and woodland echo
 To her birdlike song.
 At soirees th' attractive centre
 Of the proud gay throng;
 So supremely beautiful,
 Not with beauty day makes null,
 Like a goddess trips along.
 Tripping over lawn and meadow,
 Heart attuned to joy,
 And may sorrow's gloomy shadow
 Never thee annoy,
 Loving pet and maiden fair.
 Lovable beyond compare,
 Praises sweet my songs employ.

THEME, LOVELY WOMAN.

ACHILLES :

Dear woman, thou wert given to man,
 In Eden fair a happy pair ;
 And whom perpetual zephyrs fan,
 That waft sweet odors on the air,
 Preserved by heavenly powers,
 The fairest of the flowers
 In Eden's blooming bowers,
 Was madam Eve.

And woman Heaven's best gift to man,
 A helpmate fair, to banish care,
 And soothe our sorrows, while to plan
 Our dear home pleasures is thy care.
 To prove a cheerful wife
 Through all the toil and strife,
 The bustle and whirl of life,
 With fond caress
 Her husband bless.

HECTOR .

Oh, yes ! oh, yes !
 To ply the needle,
 And husband wheedle ;
 But flirting when she may
 With all the beaux so gay.

ACHILLES :

Dear woman's noble deeds have won
 A cavalier to wield the spear
 Of argument. A champion
 Of woman's more exalted sphere.
 God bless my darling girl !
 With every shimmering curl
 And ringlet's spiral whorl,
 Where sunshine glints
 In golden tints.

With girlhood's pleasures life begins
 Care free to roam. Then lovers come,
 While one her parent's treasure wins
 And brings her to their future home.
 In all thy maiden bloom,
 Thy wifely cares assume,
 And wed thy faithful groom
 Or jealous fool.

HECTOR:

And Jealousy you are my theme,
 A pale, sad gentleman you seem,
 And always trouble borrow,
 With livid hue,
 Of bilious blue,
 Yon hobnob still with sorrow,
 You kill poor woman's trusting love
 With gloomy frown and ever prove
 An object of derision,
 With scowling brow so threatening now,
 And verdant orbs of vision.

ACHILLES:

Women are like the fading flowers
 The stormy rain has cruelly slain,
 And yet their equal mental powers
 Has raised them to that higher plane—
 Equality with man
 In every work or plan.
 For since the world began,
 Women have been the slaves of men.
 Along the paths of Literature,
 Like flowers strewed by zephyrs rude,
 Are thoughts that ever shall endure
 In silent praise of womanhood.
 They gleam with radiance pure
 That time cannot obscure;
 And shall for aye endure
 Rare flowers of thought
 Their minds have wrought.

Of Homes' diminutive empire queen,
 There woman reigns with silken chains
 In conscious innocence serene ;
 By love pre-eminence maintains.
 Her subjects blithely sing
 Like birds upon the wing,
 Or streamlets murmuring,
 Sing like the lark
 At daydawn's spark.

HECTOR:

Rara avis.

Oh, yes ! I judge you are a lark,
 No doubt I am another ;
 Let's go and stroll about the park,
 My brother, oh ! my bother.
 Perhaps the claim to me belongs
 To be that "rara avis."
 There's slight reminder in your songs
 Of Robbie Burns' sweet mavis,
 Come let us, then, go out and soar,
 And skip o'er bush and bramble,
 Our sweetest warbles softly roar,
 As round we flit or ramble ;
 And then our wearied selves repose,
 Where cool refreshing shade is
 There chat about your darling Rose,
 And all the blessed ladies.
 Perhaps we may old ballads croon,
 To rouse us from our stupor,
 Thus while the sultry afternoon,
 Until, *tecum et super.*

ACHILLES:

Lucido oratio.

Admitted now we are two larks,
 Our blithesome ditties blend ;

Then why not also ditto sparks,
 The ladies to attend,
 Then lay your bashfulness away,
 Your prejudice as well
 And don your holiday array,
 Come visit charming Nell.
 We'll find her in her cottage bower,
 If I can rightly guess,
 Her own sweet self a blooming flower
 Of super loveliness.

ACHILLES:

There's nought can cheer you bashful boy,
 Like chatting with the girls,
 The sweet, bewitching maidens coy,
 Like Ocean's glimmering pearls.
 Yes, I am weary of school and book,
 Of boyish play and roundelay;
 I gather from your brightening look
 That Beauty wins the day.

HECTOR:

En route.

Since you advise me so,
 I will not say you no
 But journey with you there,
 And while we walk along
 Pour out my soul in song,
 Sing, Nelly, gay and fair.

Song—NELL.

Tomava la por rosa, mas devenia cardo.

All in her happy home,
 Sits lovely Nell, a blooming belle
 Whose mind afar doth roam,
 To cause the witching spell
 That draws her captives thither,

With beautiful bouquets
 Collegians come to Nelly's home,
 Adorned with jewel's blaze,
 Kidgloved and gay they roam,
 The Siren sings "come hither."

Enrancing nightingale,
 Come sing to each, a lesson teach,
 And Love's delusory tale.
 Thy cheeks have stol'n the tint o' the peach
 There dimples ever dally;
 Frizzed hair and laughing eyes,
 Bright orbs of blue the soul streams thro'
 In radiant surprise,
 Hast tender heart and true,
 Sweet flower of the valley.

Symmetrical of form,
 With pretty pose she charms the beaux
 And carries their hearts by storm,
 Or sparkling glances throws—
 Rare queen of all the beauties;
 I ken the mysterious power—
 The mazy spell which should foretell
 We near the enchanted bower,
 Where maiden fair doth dwell—
 Performs her daily duties.

ACHILLES:

Behold her bower of bliss,
 O, ring the bell and ring the belle,
 Well, if you can that is.

(Nelly comes to the door.)

But here comes dainty Nell,
 Here comes the little fairy
 With step as light and airy
 As buskined Dian's tread;
 She is beauteous as the morning,

Auroral hues adorning,
Her cheeks as rosy red.

HECTOR :

Ruse de amour

Embassadors, we come
From yonder stately college
Of universal knowledge,
To Beau'ty's bower home.

NELLY :

Plenipotentiaries?

HECTOR :

Well,
The college Prof.s send greeting,
Admission we're entreating,
And how d'ye do, Miss Nell,
How have you lately been?

NELL:

Quamdiu se bene gesserit.

O! thank you, very well,
Young gentlemen come in—
Forsooth, those poems rare
Sink to oblivion there,
“Nor waste their sweetness on the desert air.”
(All go in.)

NELLY:

Be seated gentlemen,
And rest yourselves, and then
Grand poetry I hope to hear,
Culled pearls of classic knowledge,
Acquired in yonder college,
Whose towering dome does skyward rear.
I never, I believe,
Had honor to receive
Poetic gentlemen before,

Who in the halls of learning,
Diplomas have been earning
The sciences abstruse explore.

ACHILLES:

I bring you a prince, fair maiden lone,
And music's sweet enrapturing tone
To poetry will inspire,
And there piano stands,
Awaits thy lily hands,
Fair goddess of the lyre.

HECTOR:

That is the game, but a'l the same,
At your request, I hither came
To visit fairest of the lilies.
You feel secure, we might suppose,
With best affections of Miss Rose,
Invulnerable Achilles.

(*Nelly plays.*)

ACHILLES:

Imunctae naris homo.

Delicious y the music flows
The billowy waves of melody,
And with ecstatic fever glows
The operatic symphony.
Did ever mortal being wake
Such music in continual stream,
For music's purling ripples break
Delightful as the poet's dream.
Through all the labyrinths of song,
Gay turns and windings intricate,
The blissful music glides along
As it were in Heaven's pearly gate,

To Heaven's diviner symphonies
 The angel harpers strike their strings.
 Her flying fingers sweep the keys
 As rhythmically as spirit wings,
 When roars the grand melodious storm,
 They patter like the driving rain,
 The gay bravuras to perform
 And visitors to entertain.

HECTOR :

Je vis en espoir.

In dreamy waltz or schottische gay,
 The music rolls along,
 And now, Miss Nell, if tired of play
 Please carol one sweet song.
 And one of rare bewildering strain,
 Like those delicious airs,
 You did not know you entertain
 Two angels unawares.

NELLY :

Ars est celare artem.

Excuse me, plenipotentiary,
 I go to pet my little canary,
 And you shall hear him sing
 With sprightly caroling.

HECTOR :

Occurrent Nubes.

No, not indeed, the captive bird,
 Whose sweetest strains are never heard.
 But music's dulcet tones doth garble.
 I know one of whose simplest strain
 Excels the songbird's sweet refrain.
 I much prefer to hear her warble.

NELLY :

Non sequitur.

Indeed you do canary wrong,
At present leave my darling mute ;
I grant you too, a simple song,
If you will only follow suit.

SONG—TRA LA LA.

Bizarre.

NELLY.

With ha, ha, ha ;
And tra la la,
Gay laugh and song, the hours slip by.
The cheering power
Of music's shower
Will make dull ceremony fly.

We chat at ease,
While thoughts that please
Are traversing the memory
To light discourse
We have resource,
And bandy wit all merrily.

When merry Mirth
First came to earth,
The mimic grinned at gloomy Care.
On Humor's gale,
The flowery dale,
She made her genial thoroughfare.

Sweet songs we sing,
Flower garlands bring
With Pleasure's gaudy flag unfurled,
Sing tra la la,
Or ha, ha, ha,
While traveling round the humdrum world.

Ad Captandum.

Now, gentlemen, would hear from you,
The valorous Hector comes to view

A gallant plenipotentiary.

O, sweetly will he ballads troll
Upon Pegasus caracole,

And fly as fast as dromedary.

HECTOR :

C'en est fait de lui.

I dare not be so bold.

Indeed, I have a cold,

And harsh discordant voice ;

These facts, if I must prove,

I sing the power of love ;

Naught else. So take your choice.

ACHILLES :

E re nata.

Our hearts with pity move,

You kindly offer Hobson's choice,

Tune up that soft, concordant voice,

And warble songs of love.

HECTOR :

Ardentia Verba.

Yonder dwells a gay musician,

And the marvelous magician

Takes her stand and waves her wand.

Thitherward come the requisition.

To the loveliest of villas

Journey Hector and Achilles,

Call upon that elegant one,

Beauty and pride of all the lilies.

Fairy form and faultless feature

Render her a charming creature,

Who can give, I do believe,

Lessons in love, an able teacher.

• She is fair as the queen of roses,
Which just now from the bud uncloses
 Beautiful as one can cull,
When she assumes her charming poses,

Fairy from the fields Elysian
Mischief hides, and mild derision
 'Neath the hinge with velvet fringe,
Guarding the azure orbs of vision.

To her cheeks the blushes sally,
There the merry dimples rally,
 And her smile will care beguile,
Prettiest damsel in the valley;

O'er her features smiles are flitting,
On her brow care lightly sitting,
 Of Love's freaks, each feature speaks,
Tell tale blushes the facts admitting.

Hark the tone that gayly wavers
Into demisemiquavers
 Birdlike voice, and they rejoice
Whom with delightful song she favors,

With a voice of wondrous flexion
And a blooming rich complexion,
 Dare I tell? I love Miss Nell;
Surely, she wins my predilection.

ACHILLES :

L'affaire s'achemine.

Bravo Hector, valiant Trojan,
Mildly too, you sound the slogan,
 Victory perches on your banner ;
Would I could warble a pleasing ditty
Honoring Nell, the maiden pretty ;
 Would I could sing in acceptable manner.

NELLY :

L'hommes propose et le femmes dispose .

Nay, you must sing, a song we'll have,
 Haply I'll say you are as brave
 As Homer gave you credit for,
 In celebrated Trojan war.

HECTOR :

Ah, the theme is too sad
 And the sentiment bad,
 Idle fiction the conscience so warps;
 If I happen to fall
 In the battle at all,
 Please to pay some respect to my corpse.

ACHILLES :

Apercu.

There was never a maiden so fair in the world
 As ma belle, dainty Nell.
 Round her head silky ringlets of auburn were
 curled.
 Golden tinged tresses fell
 Low adown, as if veiling her delicate form,
 Rippling masses of curls.
 She is fair as the rainbow attending the storm
 Blooming lily of girls,

SONG.

Improbe amor, quid non mortalia pectora cogis.

LILIAN.

O, dimpled blushing Lilian,
 Thy loveliness who can express,
 And who shall be the happy man
 That thou with Love's dear boon will bless.

Ah, love my heart completely fills
With bliss supreme of Love's sweet dream.
Thy beauty all my being thrills
And is my one delightful theme.

Thou art the pink of elegance
O, Lilian sweet, a fairy fleet,
In promenade or merry dance
I list the trip of my dear one's feet.

When I perceived in glad surprise
Thy lovely face and angel grace,
Fair being strayed from Paradise,
I thought thee; not of mortal race.

Thy perfect symmetry of form,
Impelled by fate to captivate,
Now takes my flinty heart by storm
As features fair I contemplate,

Athwart thy features mischief glints,
There dimples come, and cheeks abloom
Have borrowed daydawn's crimson tints
That rosy streak the shadowy gloom.

And to bewildering graces add
A most refined exalted mind
I sing thee, Lilian, gay or sad,
The most admired of woman kind.

Would praise by apt similitudes,
That trip along, a merry throng
So like the pleasing interludes
That vary and enliven song.

Thou art the dew-drop jeweled rose,
Or queenly flower reviving shower
Has startled from its calm repose,
Bright ornament of morning hour.

I dream I am in Elfin land
Where fairies rove, thou pretty dove,

HECTOR AND ACHILLES.

Can I but clasp thy lily hand
And whisper tender words of love.

O Lillian, darling of my heart,
That I may woo as lovers do
I'll school me in the lover's art,
To woo and haply win thee too.

My love thou art a princess fair;
Thy graces are reflected far,
And love enshrines thy image there
Within my heart, thou brilliant star.

NELEY

Ah me, the beautiful unknown
Grand eulogy obtains,
With brilliant sentiments high-flown.
He sings in glowing strains
Of radiant angel maiden,
With graces overladen,
A pink of loveliness;
And sighs in great distress
For fear some other one her love will bless.

And new were I that beautiful girl
To whom such honors are due,
Would set the hearts of men in a whirl,
And capture not a few.
Would have a score of suitors
Both vocalists and tooters
To sing and serenade
Unto this lovely maid,
A goodly band in moonshine all displayed

HECTOR ;

Blase.

I've marched a weary way,
And fought in the battle's van;
Have lounged at parties gay

Where Beauties flirt the fan
With dawdling chat and languid smile,
I calmly have admired their style.
And I devise this plan
The question to propound
What his intentions are.
If with uncertain sound
His sentiments shall jar;
Take one whose undivided love
That earth's long pilgrimage will prove
One ever faithful found.

NELLY'S SONG :

Rira bien, qui rira le dernier

I am a maiden coy
Bewitching gay and pretty
And magic arts employ
To attract from yonder city
Most eligible of beaux,
Young gentlemen of leisure,
Who sonnets can compose
To ladies at their pleasure,
A sorceress I dwell
In flower embowered villa
Enchanting with a spell
Or murmuring ritornella;
The elegant gentlemen,
Accomplished, wise and witty,
Fine poetry they per—
I charm them from the city.
Like siren by the sea,
I warble songs enchanting,
And hither then to me
Young gentlemen come jaunting.

Brave Greek and Trojan too
 With poetry o'erladen
 Would seem they come to woo
 A fair and gentle maiden.
 They come from lands afar
 Charmed by resistless power
 In parley's bloodless war
 They battle by the hour.
 They fight their battles o'er
 Just as in former ages
 On Ilium's fated shore
 They warred in history's pages.
 With Poesy's sweet flame,
 Delighting and illuming,
 Those noted heroes came
 Upon their fame presuming.
 A handsome cultured man
 And witty too is Hector,
 Achilles leads the van,
 Will Fate declare him victor.
 If so a beauteous prize
 To him will sure be given
 In Love's light comedies
 Boldly and well has striven.
 Upon her chair of state
 Much lauded maiden sittest
 Would patiently await
 "Survival of the wittiest."

HECTOR :

Hinc illae lacrimae.

O fare thee well, my pretty Nell,
 And bear this fact in mind,
 Achilles then will call again
 For sake of "Auld Lang Syne."

Bye bye Miss Nell, O bonnie belle,
The truth is very plain;
That is your prince, a little while since
Will surely come again.

(Exeunt Achilles and Hector.)

MY DARLING.

ACHILLES :

Per ambages.

Whilst Love and Love's delights supreme,
Or Love's enchantment is my theme
I praise a very charming woman
Fairest and best of genus human,
Observe that bevy of fair young girls
Who flit around in merry swirls,
Of different types, while varying graces
Illuminate their beaming faces;
Combine their beauties all in one
Fair Nelly is surpassed by none.
Her mental gifts are all transcendent,
In loveliness she shines resplendent,
As sweetly as the light sunbeam
Will Love's bright glances softly gleam
And many different airs assuming,
The countenance with love illuming,
They revel in the bloomy blush
That mantles in a crimson flush;
They lurk in smiles, or dance in dimple,
Play hide and seek neath vale and wimple,
Thus joined in Love's sweet sympathy
Are hearts attuned to harmony
Just now a charmed "inamorata"
Would warble in Love's light cantata.
Attempt with vocal minstrelsy,
To laud his fair divinity.

And while propitious fate decreeing
 That darling Nell, the beauteous being,
 Shall be his very, very own.
 Then storms of sorrow overblown
 Shall Love e'er shower golden spangles
 To baffle sulks and lover's wrangles;
 They'll trip together by and by
 Beneath Love's rosy tinted sky.
 And so in figured allegory
 I sing you Love's delightful story,
 Adorn my song with similes
 Obtained from Love's remembrances,
 I carol of that charming posy
 Fair Nelly graceful, gay and rosy.

LOVE AMID THE ROSES.

ACHILLES.

Sine qua non.

O yonder is a flower
 The depths of my heart has stirred,
 Yon jasmine shaded bower
 Conceals a warbling bird-
 Fair flower, with charming power
 Thy rapturous strains are heard.
 My love, I ask her pardon,
 Is a lovely blooming rose,
 Society the garden
 Wherein sweet flower grows,
 Propriety her warden
 A shielding influence throws.
 Resplendent garden lily,
 Both lily and rose in one,
 Out blooming daffodilly
 Like fair-faced cloistered nun;
 In her enchanting villa
 Close kept from the burning sun.

Far lovelier than the houri,
 Consoling Moslem shade,
 In Heaven all light and flowery,
 Fair, unassuming maid,
 Wit, culture are thy dowry,
 In Beauty's bright brigade.

Love lightens all our worry
 And palliates the wrong,
 In Love's entrancing flurry
 I quaver all day long;
 My heart sings *tirra lirra*
 In merry, jubilant song.

I cannot keep from singing
 Throughout the livelong day,
 Joy to my heart comes winging
 From Beauty's sunny ray,
 Light-hearted pleasure bringing
 With smiles and glances gay.

ROSAMOND.

ACHILLES.

Blondine.

The fairest lass that ever was, was Rosamond, a beauty,
 And belle of great renown,
 A winning girl, a gleaming pearl, shall be my pleasing duty
 To rhyme her praises down.

Sweet Rosamond, the graceful blonde, was not without admirers

Who loved the winning maid—
 Her modest air, a jewel rare, and grace were love in spicers;
 Blue eyes and golden braid.

A gay coquette, and fair brunette attracts men to attend her
 The merry queen of flirts;
 And plies her arts to win their hearts and cause them to sur-
 render;

With luring wiles she hurts:

O how she tries with flashing eyes that dart such sparkling
glances

Men's fancies to beguile.

The siren sings and then she stings, O how their hearts she
lances,

With Cleopatra's smile.

Dear Rosamond was not so fond of flattery extortion

Display or haughty mien;

For culture, worth and joyous mirth combined in due pro-
portion,

Made her a social queen.

I am so glad there was a lad as handsome as Apollo,

Or any of his clan.

A princely youth, to tell the truth the fair young girl to follow,
And win her if he can.

I trust he will, and prove his skill. They meet—'tis a bonton
party

Where costly jewels gleam;

Behold them spruce, now introduce, their greetings are most
hearty.

Then presto "Love's young dream."

At parties, balls, in frequent calls, he seeks for every pleasure,
The fair one to amuse.

His wooing thrives, with walks and drives; they ramble
round at leisure

In shady avenues.

He calls her love, dear turtle dove, fond epithets bestowing,
On winning her intent.

Her calm blue eyes, like summer skies, with Love's delights
are glowing,

She murmurs shy assent.

And then her king with golden ring encircles taper finger,

And gives a fond caress,

So rare a grace upon his face where smiles delight to linger
That words cannot express.

Then close to his breast he folds her to rest, the rose and lily
warring

Upon her dimpled cheek.

Her pearly teeth shine in smiles divinely sweet, and love de-
claring

Her lovelit features speak.

When time shall have sped a couple will wed, delightful
consummation

On some convenient day,

Then many will come to her happy home to feast with delecta-
tion

And wish them joy a'way.

SONG.

ACHILLES:

O my dainty, little darling,
Smiling sunshine, pearl of beauty,
Hearts in Love's light meshes snarling,
Loving thee is blissful duty.

Come to me, my own, my treasure,
Come and bid me sweet good morrow,
For thy presence brings me pleasure,
And thy absence bringeth sorrow.

Thou art all in all, my dearie,
I am happy with thee only,
And without thee, very dreary
Is the world, all dark and lonely.

We my love, shall never quarrel,
Will in fair or stormy weather
Singing love's delightful carol
Journey on in life together.

HECTOR AND ACHILLES. THE BACHELOR'S LAMENT.

HECTOR:

Motto—Coelebs quid agam?

I came into a garden gay,
The flowers bloomed in bright array;
And I said to myself, I'll entwine me a bower,
Adorning it with one sweet flower,
If I may be thus blest, ah, me!
As to cull me a flower with Love's dear plea.

A flower, whom Heaven its graces lent,
Is Home's endearing ornament.
O the present is fair, the future rosy,
When we obtain our blooming posy.
With her we heed not poverty
Nor winter's stormy minstrel-y

I know I deserve not one of them,
Each flower in its style a lovely gem,
And all by beauty nearly equal.
Which one will speed the happy sequel,
And which will its mates forsake, ah, me!
My own, my chosen flower to be?

I am charmed at first the sequel shows,
My love lies hid in the heart of the rose.
In the rose's heart my love lies hidden—
But Love's caress I am forbidden.
My pretty rose has thorns, ah, me,
I may not caress her lovingly.

I have roamed the fairest flowers among,
By the world admired, by poets sung,
But, whether reckoned wise or silly,
I said, I will court the stately lily—
And ask her to be mine; ah, me,
The lily tossed her head with glee.

The fleeting summer's gentle sigh,
Her graceful head may have turned awry ;
O, could I please the fair geranium
I would deem it honor to my cranium.
'Tis single blessedness, ah, me,
Or rather single misery.
O, tell me, gay and pretty pink—
Come tell me, sweetheart, what you think.
Why sir, kind sir, if you were a flower
You might persuade me to your bower ;
But being only a weed, ah, me,
I verily fear we cannot agree.
Coquetting lily, thorny rose,
My sweet, pert pink, and no one knows
Just what will prove to be the sequel,
But death the leveler makes us equal.
I am afraid the result will be
That not one flower will gladden me.

A DUET.

ACHILLES :

Tout lui, rit.

There 's naught so dear, man's heart to gladden,
As Nell, sweet Nell, my darling maiden.

HECTOR :

Vice versa.

We sing in honor of Miss Nelly—
Of fairy prince and Cinderella.

ACHILLES :

She meekly does each filial duty,
And gladly too, the little beauty.

HECTOR :

She smiles on gentlemen so sweetly,
They loose their senses just completely.

ACHILLES :

Angelic smiles and glances ever,
Each follow each with light endeavor.

HECTOR :

Capricious smiles and glances tender,
To captivate the masculine gender.

ACHILLES :

O life is earnest, love is real,
Fair Nelly is my beau ideal,

HECTOR :

O love is life in real earnest,
To love's delights, thou, comrade, turnest

ACHILLES:

Her brilliant mind is all the charm,
Fair face that rosy blushes warm,
And lovely clear complexion
Adorn her person. I extol,
Her grand nobility of soul,
That shines in pure affection,

HECTOR:

With lisseme grace my lady goes,
And pirouettes and trips on toes—
As sprightly as a Ma'amselle
To flusterate earth's noble sons,
And trots in tiny number ones,
A delicate, nice damsel.

ACHILLES ;

Dorer la filule.

Ah ! lovely Nell, thou tolled the knell,
Of hope to one who wooed thee well—
He has my kindest wishes.

HECTOR :

Et tu, Brute !

Fair Nelly, the dainty and exquisite pearl,
Has disconcerted me.

I will have to take up with a common, plain
girl

If I would wedded be.

(Lay of the last minstrel.)

Fata obstant.

Poor me, to sing an air,
O, would my Muse enable,
The beauties of the fair
Relate in song or fable ;
Would beg the fair to share
My humble home and table.

She speaks so charmingly,
With prattle sentimental—
Yet talks so sensibly,
Maid beautiful and gentle;
So very gracefully,
And lightly lisps the dental.

In fashion's guise arrayed,
I sing, enchanting maiden,
To win the lovely maid
The heart of man would gladden ;
Coquetry is her trade,
To gladden, then to sadden.

PART II.
WOMAN.

PRELUDE.

HECTOR :

Motto: Les doux yeux.

As before, we sing the alarming
Ways of woman, and the charming
Smiles upon their lovely faces,
All adorned by feminine graces,
Nature's own or artificial.
Rosy-cheeked with Love's initial,
With a voice all bird-song laden
Comes the arch and merry maiden ;
Round her home so softly tripping,
Gayly in the ball-room skipping ;
Bright with silks and satins shimmer,
Costly lace and jewels glimmer,
Who amid the waltz' gyrations
Carries on her grand flutations,
While an anxious score of suitors,
Love's entrancing theme she tutors—
Pleasing all with sly surprises,
Quelling jealousy's surmises.
List the chime of love's apt phrases,
Wrought in ever-changing phrases—
Regally her squadron drilling,
Now and then blithe carols trilling.
Love-songs rhythmically ringing.
Happiness and pleasure bringing
With her graceful, smiling presence
To admiring adolescents,
Who about the damsel sprightly
Dance attendance, trip so lightly
With her in the merry measure,
Cheerfully await her pleasure.

Lovely woman, fair and smiling,
Mirth-provoking, care beguiling,
Dissipating melancholy—
Causing man to be so jolly,
Brightening with the flash of humor,
Trifling chat and floating rumor,
Raying sunshine all about her—
Gloomy earth would be without her.
Man forsooth would be an eremite—
Just a useless, senseless hermit;
Woman with her winning beauty
Keeps him in the path of duty.
He with supplications fervent
Begs to be her humble servant.

TO THE MEMORY OF A LITTLE CHILD.

ACHILLES:

“Suffer little children to come unto me.”

And thus the blessed scripture runs,
Glad promise to the stricken ones,
Whose little babe, Christ blest,
Has taken to the heavenly rest.

He sought her in earth's sinful wild,
And carried home the darling child,
The dear loved baby girl,
Sweet cherub, precious pearl.

No sin nor worldly strife
Could mar thy fair, sweet life ;
For Christ conveyed thee home,
Beyond the starry dome.

He chose the fairest of earth's flowers
To blossom in yon heavenly bowers.
Too beautiful for earth
With all thy guileless mirth,

Sweet babe and smiling innocence.
A loving Savior called thee thence,
In Heaven, made thee room,
All brightly there to bloom.

What though thy corpse lies in the mold,
Angelic beauties manifold
Thy spirit will adorn,
And Heaven's eternal morn

Will shower sweet and golden light ;
Rare bud of promise, with delight,
Shalt join the beauteous band
In that bright, radiant land,

HECTOR AND ACHILLES.

To carol in celestial bowers,
And roam midst amaranthine flowers ;
There with glad minist'ring
To worship Heaven's Great King.

In blest pavilions, fair, afar,
Where saints and happy angels are
We trust the babe will be
Through long eternity.

NELLY.

ACHILLES :

O'er fragrant shamrock's blooming sea
Light-footed maiden trips the lea,
So like the timid fleet gazelle
A floweret bright is daisy Nell.

There blooms in flower-sprinkled mead
The unassuming, daisy weed,
In sweet simplicity so fair,
Unconscious of its beauty rare.

I ken a flower, all fair and sweet,
With every charm and grace complete.
There is no flower can rival Nell,
In garden, grove, or shady dell.

And when sly Cupid's subtle wile
Brings forth th' enchanting blush and smile,
Transfiguring her face serene
She reigns my heart's acknowledged queen.
So light my dimpled darling comes
From out among the garden blooms,
No prettier flower, more perfect rose,
In all the world's great garden grows.

HECTOR :

Facit indignatio versus.

The prettiest flower is charming Nell
In all the flower-sprinkled dell ;

Like bright moth singeing flame, anon,
Attracting many a simpleton.

For, as she glides in gay attire,
She sets the gentlemen's hearts afire ;
Upon such trifling chaps as those
Her soft and heaven-bright smiles bestows.

She trips beneath cerulean dome,
Or in the precincts of her home,
The beauteous maiden, merrily,
An amiable divinity.

The social world, her bright abode,
Has all gentilities bestow'd ;
Sagacious cosmopolitan
Still charming many a gentleman.

FAIR GENTLE MAIDEN.

HECTOR :

Crux mathematicorum.

Always parade, very beautiful maid,
Just like a fashion plate nicely arrayed ;
Tossing thy golden tinged ringlets and curls,
Ever the brightest and gayest of girls,
Clad in apparel right out of the shop,
Winning smiles from the sweet scented fop.
Dear little fellow in rigging so trim
Fondly imagines she's caring for him,
Woman or girl, we have cause to suppose,
Flitting around with a merry heart goes.
Now and all since the creation began
Leads in her train the mild creature called man.
Oh, and alas ! it is sad for the hinds
Hustled about by their lady-love's whims.
Fair gentle being to a gloomy world came
Angel less wings, gets around all the same,
Frequently having two strings to her beau

How can she captivate gentlemen so?
 Problem that is mathematics should solve,
 Why the brave satellites round her revolve.
 More or the fewer around her they range
 According as whirligig Fortune shall change.
 How do the ladies acquire their great power
 Gentlemen please or to charm the wild giaour.
 Sweet, pretty lass, and alas! plain girls,
 Bright with cosmetics, paint, powder and curls,
 Supplement Nature's most delicate hue,
 Sallow and fading complexions renew.
 Decked with gay ribbons as they know how
 Brightly they shine in the grand pow wow,.
 Mapping the world wherever is man,
 There may be noticed the feminine clan.
 Conference is called by obscured council fires,
 Leaders they choose to manipulate the wires,
 Forming their plots and arranging their plans,
 How they shall capture the poor "zhentlmans."
 Harshly they treat him as cousin or beau,
 Always they trot him about as you know,
 Worry and torture, then reconcile him,
 Wheedle, bamboozle him, portly or slim,
 Rush him around and give him no rest,
 Certainly ma'am that is all for the best.

BEAUTIFUL MAIDEN.

ACHILLES:

Motto—Beau Ideal.

Beautiful maiden in Youth's merry morn,
 Charming us all with her sweet mild ways,
 Loveliest features red roses adorn.
 There the light sparkle of mirth ever plays.
 Gay with the rose tint of youth so warm
 Versatile chat and a musical voice.

Light of her home and society's charm,
How will the hearts of admirers rejoice.
Dressed in the elegant robes of a queen
Stately stepping a proud fair belle,
Mid the gay throng, or walking unseen,
Tripping as light as the timid gazelle.
Out of the luminous depths of her eyes,
Shines the pure essence of love and there
Coily glimmer Love's mute replies
Questioning glances and Love's mild stare.
Man is thy worshiper beautiful girl,
Even the print of thy dainty small shoe
Hallows the ground. Over ribbon and curl
Once that was thine, he will make great ado.
Delicate creature, and poor dear lamb,
Gambolling gayly o'er earth's green mead,
Dreading this hollow heart world as a sham,
Home and affection mayst thou never need.
Coldly the wind of adversity blows,
Chills the slight frame of this sensitive plant.
How she will prosper the great God knows,
Happily favored, may kind Heaven grant.
Blossoming bud splendent graces unfold,
While she is nearing maturity's years,
Amiable qualities shine pure gold,
Beauty in every motion appears.
Now she is learned in all womanly ways,
Trained and accomplished, she leaves the
home rest;
Finely appareled in Fashion's late phase,
Bright bird of Paradise splendidly dressed,
Radiant woman, or fair lovely girl,
Ruling her home with the light bonds of love,
Partly involved in society's whirl,
Ever her presence a blessing will prove.

LOVE'S DELIGHTFUL GAME.

HECTOR:

Omnia vincit amor.

I sing of Love's delightful game.
Sly Cupid has to bear the blame,
The merry archer god.
Midst Love's enchanting mysteries,
O then our heart entangled is
At smiling Beauty's nod.

Down Pleasure's flowery path Love ran,
There capturing the wild young man,
He led him back so tame.
Ah, 'tis the jollity of life,
Love's lottery to win a wife,
And Love's delightful game.

Involved in Fashion's giddy whirl,
Love finds the gay society girl,
And Fashion's devotee.
When Cupid whispers to the belle,
Sweet blushes fly to her cheeks pell mell;
In crimson revelry.

And Cupid crafty and alert
Will trap the saucy little flirt
With Love's bewildering game.
He tames the beautiful coquette,
Accomplished girl and Fortune's pet,
And kindles Love's bright flame.

Long distances Love takes his flight,
And flies o'er hill and mountain height,
Or dances down the dale.
Enamoured lover seeks his fate,
The old, old story to relate,
And Love's enchanting tale.

They say that absence conquers Love,
Alas, the mesh is tighter wove,
By Love's mild stratagem.
While far away the lover goes,
Though leagues or oceans interpose,
Love's bands encircle them.

Enrapturing Love's rhythmic chime,
And all the pretty pantomime
Of hearts in unison.
Love seeks the maiden fair in thrall
A captive kept from lover's call,
By cruel guardian.

And Love breaks down each barrier,
And Cupid's silent messenger
On spirit wings will fly:
Anon the rosy gleams of hope
Will cause the maiden to elope,
Stern parent to defy.

The humble cot will Love invade
To whisper to the lowly maid,
Then seals her happy fate.
With fine or superfine display
And courtly phrase Love wends his way
To mansions of the great,

And revels there in fine array,
In broadcloths, silks and satins gay,
The gentry promenade.
Among the merry belles and beaux
Invisible Love lightly goes
To capture man or maid.

Most warily Love lays his plan
To trick the poor sad gentleman
With many a gewgaw sham,

Till Cupid by his witching art
Has written deeply in his heart
Some fair one's monogram,

Thou, Love, most pleasant company,
Hast earned this fine apostrophe,
And also more beside.
Would give these blessings of our lives
To gentlemen deserving wives,
Fair ladies will provide.

THE MENTAL QUALITIES OF WOMAN.

Bel esprit.

I laud the sentiments refined
Of lovely woman's brilliant mind,
And unobtrusive wit ;
Whose coruscations brightly sparkling,
At intervals, now flashing, darkling,
From Mind's light temple flit.

In thought's magnificence bedight
They thrill the soul with sweet delight
And golden imagery.
So woman, while afar, discerning
The threatening gloom to sunshine turning,
Brings great sagacity.

Perception's bright ideas glint,
Of changing shade and delicate tint,
To decorate their themes.
Even so the wit of woman shining,
In conversation still entwining,
With far reflected splendor gleams.

She will the challenge freely give
To chatting argumentative,
Claims fair colloquial powers,

Will queries ply, decisions render,
 With charming tact and musing tender,
 Creates life's sunny hours.

HECTOR :

Bas bleu.

She does not use bold metaphors,
 As do the lordly gentleman sirs,
 Their learning to parade,
 But still goes on with sprightly chatter,
 Promiscuously her thoughts will scatter
 The question to evade.

And just as sure as I'm alive
 Will lovely woman still contrive
 To have the latest word ;
 Will shatter reputation's bubble,
 Or kindly pilot over trouble—
 Sings lightly as the bird.

With merry quips will court applause,
 Her first, best reason is Because—
 In talk or argument.
 If gentlemen are so presuming,
 A patronizing mien assuming,
 Will have good cause to repent.

And so shall woman have her say,
 For woman still will have her way,
 As long as the world turns round,
 O, won't she get her way by coaxing,
 She surely will prevail by hoaxing
 Will win, now, I'll be bound.

ACHILLES :

Beau monde.

A group of girls, say what you may,
 Is just a beautiful bouquet,
 In youth's bright, rosy bloom:

Bright roses, dimples, coming, fleeting,
 Contrasting beauties, strangely meeting,
 We give them welcome room.

O, yon the showy pageant comes,
 They gather from their happy homes—
 Blest social influence.
 A galaxy of gay young beauties,
 Escaped for the nonce their round of duties,
 So parley sentiments.

In smooth-toned speech their languaged thought,
 With sparkling gayety is fraught,
 And charming naivete.
 The fairest, loveliest of creation,
 They strive with gentle emulation,
 Superlatively gay.

Their voices clear run up, run down,
 Will earth's land hurly-burly drown
 In rhythmic cadence sweet.
 So lightly, gayly and piano,
 They trill along in sweet soprano,
 With melody replete.

HECTOR:

Around the everlasting theme
 The gems of wit and wisdom gleam
 And make continual whir.
 Yes, woman transcends—as our own mother,
 As sweetheart, is better than the other;
 No one can equal her.

Full well she will discriminate,
 And woeful trouble can create,
 Among the gentlemen.
 Bewitching girl and fair enslaver,
 Reluctantly bestows her favor,
 And baffles once and again.

Woman is shrewd, yon may believe,
And trots poor man upon the qui vive—

Would seem, 'tis her cheerful toil
To keep a fellow in suspension,
And over anxious kind attention,
She knows just how to foil.

But first, the mischief to begin,
She gently allures the young man in
Society's gay whirl.
Then courting her is pleasant labor,
For man can surely love his neighbor
If she is a pretty girl.

ACHILLES :

When Beauty becks with jewelled hand,
Or lightly waves her myrtle wand
While weaving to and fro :
Irradiate flashes and Circean,
The heart then chimes in a blithe, glad pean,
The brain is turned, I know.

When love's mirage we ne'er discern
The senses sorrowing return
Unto the cynic state,
My comrade here is good example,
Had test and observation,
As he did circulate.

MY LOVE.

ACHILLES :

Ma chère.

Attracted to a fairy's bower
I culled the very choicest flower
That blows in fairy land ;
Kind Fortune and the Fates agreeing
That I might win the beauteous being,
With wooing phrases bland,

The loveliest of earth's fair creatures,
Of faint rose tint and heavenlit features,
 With footfall like the fawn;
There blooms the pink of maidenly faces,
Aglow with raidiant girlhood graces,
 Like splendors of the dawn.
And there the smile and dimple dances,
To revel in the sunny glances,
 That ripple merrily,
And gayly flash in mirthful sallies,
Awhile the bloomy flush there dallies,
 And love's dear sympathy.
Love's crimson hues the face illuming,
Still come and go, and still resuming,
 Alternately they flit;
And while gay laughter's preludes glimmer
The sparks of mischief faintly shimmer,
 Then flash in gleams of wit.
O, there the love-light softly shining,
Love's roses round her face designing,
 And Love's soft, tremulous glance,
Her heart's affections, pure and tender,
Shine forth in sweet and radiant splendor
 Upon her countenance,
Among her curls the sunshine glinting,
Bestows resplendent golden tinting,
 Like nimbus-circled saint,
Should seem that candor, gleaming faintly,
Would shadow forth a being saintly
 Without sin's guileful taint.
Her features fair as the rosy morning,
With mental graces rich adorning,
 Resplendently appear.
A lovely fay from land Elysian
Has come to earth, blest angel vision,
 This gloomy vale to cheer

ANGEL WOMAN.

ACHILLES:

Belle et bonne.

O, fairest of that Heaven loved race,
Inhabiting the earth,
Thy beauty and thy worth
Seem suited to more heavenly place.
Than earth, our sin disfigured sphere,
Where toil and trouble wear
And grief and anxious care;
Without thee there is naught to cheer.
Amidst the world's solicitudes,
And while despondence glowers,
To cheer life's gloomy hours—
Would sing enchanting interludes.
Thou, dear, attraction of the world,
All loveliness thou smiled
On earth so rude and wild,
And Peace's bright banner hast unfurled.
Thou prayed and mourned to the angel Peace,
With hovering wings she came,
Allayed the battle's flame,
Her gentle beams caused war to cease.
Peace stilled the world's tumultuous jar
To list thy lenient plan.
Thou charmed the heart of man,
And smoothed "the scowling front of war."
Hast softened war's asperities
While earth, defaced and gloomed,
Anon has brightly bloomed,
Beneath thy soothing ministries.
With fond and loving tenderness,
Where war's red rivers ran,
Thou calmed the dying man,
Alleviated death's distress.

With merry smiles would lightly go
This dreary world upon,
When sorrow comes anon,
All sympathizing, sooths our woe.

TO AN UNKNOWN FROM HER PHOTO.

HECTOR :

Mutum est pictura poema.

Fairy one, upon
Thy charming photo,
Amazed, I gaze:—
Where shall I go to?

O, where, my dear,
Shall ever I find thee?
Love's art, my heart,
All round entwined thee.

Sweet pearl of a girl
With cheeks all roses,
Hast fair light hair
And dearest of noses.

Delighting spright,
From fairest of misses:—
O, breeze, if you please,
Waft me sweet kisses.

To trace thy face
Shall be blest duty—
Bring joy to this boy
Rare smiling beauty.

Away I stray
Upon my mission,
To seek be-peak
The radiant vision.

HECTOR AND ACHILLES.

Fair youth, good sooth,
 With her as painted,
 I would if I could,
 Become acquainted.

Would woo and coo,
 Full soon beginning,
 If thou, just now,
 Art worth the winning.

Excuse love's ruse
 If not alarming,
 O pretty pet
 And maiden charming.

Thou darling star
 I would discover
 Thy home, and come
 To thee, gay lover.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

HECTOR :

A tenebris annis.

O, once I courted a sweet sixteen,
 Then boasted just a faint mustache.
 I dreaded not the final crash,
 For I was young and likewise green.

ACHILLES :

And verdant still remain I ween.

HEC.

I waited on the lovely miss.
 Her charming company
 Brought happiness to me,
 With welcoming smites and often a kiss.

ACH.

Not often, I trust, he attained to that bliss.

HEC.

I took her to balls and parties gay
And to the theater,
Forever I went with her,
While life seemed all a holiday.

ACH.

But all those pleasure have vanished away.

HEC.

My own susceptibility
Did prove the cause of my woe,
I courted too much you know,
Brought on the sad catastrophe.

ACH.

And also imbecility.

HEC.

Just how it was I should not tell,
That trouble upon me frowned,
For the old man came around
And bade me rather a sudden farewell.

ACH.

Perhaps his foot he did propel.

HEC.

O, no, no, no, he wasn't so rash—
But she was his only child,
That made him roar so wild,
Besides, you know, I hadn't the cash.

ACH.

You might have alluded to your mustache.

HEC.

So now I trip life's journey alone,
Romancing too is done,
Fair ladies I mostly shun,
Reminding me of that fierce cyclone.

ACH

By which my poor comrade was grievously blown.

HECTOR AND ACHILLES.
TROJAN WAR RENEWED.

DUET OR SOLOS.

“Two heads are better than one.”

HECTOR :

Two comrades chanting praise enduring,

ACHILLES :

Two mates, it seems, tell love's bright dreams,

HEC.

Would warble now of Love's alluring,

ACH.

Discussing all related themes.

HECTOR :

They sweetly sing duet or solo,

ACH.

They jingle rhymes to love's sweet chimes.

HEC.

Sing low or merrily, whoop and hollo,

ACH.

Undoubtedly they have good times.

HECTOR :

At first they sing with soft prelude,

ACH.

Trill up or down with light roudade,

HEC.

The burden of the song concluding,

ACH.

Conclude to take a promenade.

HECTOR :

They boldly argue in the domus,

ACH.

Concerning Love's phenomena,

HEC.

Inspired by Cupid or by Momus,

ACH.

And mythologic genera.

HECTOR :

And so they raise a great commotion,

ACH.

They roar in argumental strife,

HEC.

Deflected by each quirk or notion,

ACH.

'All as they journey on in life

HECTOR :

They scout around, they borrow trouble,

ACH.

They turn the world all upside down,

HEC.

While seeking after Fame's bright bubble,

ACH.

To bring them honor and renown.

HECTOR :

And nill about the world they travel,

ACH.

Transported in a train of thought,

HEC.

Love's mysteries they would unravel,

ACH.

With Love's enchantments richly fraught.

HECTOR :

They whir, they whiz, upon their journeys,

ACH.

By gaseous vapping propeled,

HEC.

They bandy words like skilled attorneys,

ACH.

From flaming thought linked phrases weld.

HECTOR :

They skirmish in sarcastic battle,

ACH.

Retorts they fling and satire sling,

HEC.

And wooing love-song softly prattle,

ACH.

Midst mazy themes meandering.

WOMAN.

ACHILLES :

Fama semper vivat.

Congenial mate, angelic spirit,

A fair consoler, woman came :

Came to a world of gloom and silence,

There kindled Love's attracting flame.

O, lovely woman, gentle woman,

In trellised domicile embowered,

Bright star, afar, thy beams are shining,

With Peace and Love the world hast dowered,

Resplendent in her quaint designing

She improvised bright pearls of thought—

Has woven them in flower garlands

With wisdom and with beauty fraught.

With elegant, acute perceptions

And fine discriminating sense,

She, silently her thoughts arranging,

Will startle the world with eloquence.

Her speech abounds with ornate phrases,

Apt tropes and glowing figures fine,

Is gemmed with beautiful allusions,

Whose blended beauties softly shine.

In kind, refined and pleasing language

Will woman's voiced opinions fall,

Are spoken with a charming manner

And conscious grace spreads over all.

She throws a gauzy veil, translucent,

Beneath there gleam rare elegancies,

While part concealing, part disclosing

The texture of fine-spun theories.

Construing Thought's most subtile essence,
 Arrayed in glossy garniture
Of delicate and bright expressions,
 Like soft, enchanting, clare obscure.

Sweet sentiments, like thrilling music,
 They startle from our reverie,
Are floating in the realms of silence,
 Like wildwood warbler's minstrelsy.

Fair woman wrought the delicate phrases
 Of charming poetry and prose,
While over eloquent compositions
 A soft and luminous splendor throws.

In all intelligence man's equal
 Has woman on occasions proved,
According to her education
 The pertinacious world has moved.

Abundant proof of woman's wisdom
 Her written sentiments endure,
Composed in many a charming poem
 And varied works of literature.

Man storms and fumes like angry tempest,
 Attempts to rule but often fails,
While woman wins by gentler methods,
 By persevering will prevails.

She wins the world by mild persuasion,
 Then ruling with persistent will,
Her gentle influence occasions
 The busy world's chief pleasures still.

She rules the gaudy world of fashion,
 A rainbow-colored butterfly,
While politicians court her favor,
 Nor woman's opinions dare defy.

And woman, wise, with nice discerning,
 Can read aright the future's signs,

While far adown the faint perspective
 She kens her life's converging lines.
 When first sweet womanhood is dawning,
 If then the brain is rightly trained,
 The mind reveals soft, scintillant graces
 That flash from stores of learning gained
 Their lucent rays, afar illumine
 The corners of the world remote,
 Impalpably bright thoughts diffusing,
 That "gleams of sunshine" softly float.

WOMAN'S MISSION.

HECTOR:

Le monde est le livre des femmes.

In her best bib and tucker fair woman arrayed,
 With her ribbons a flying, she is all the while trying
 Poor man for to capture with smiles of sweet rapture,
 Bright creature and ribbons will gayly parade.
 Resplendent with jewels, the lady comes near,
 Bright ringlets a streaming and gewgaws a gleaming,
 With scintillant glitter and elegant titter,
 With giggle and glitter will beauty appear.
 In her splendid attire comes the pattern of girls,
 With plaits, frills, and flounces, round the wide world
 she bounces,
 And with beautiful frizzes, in the ballroom she whiz-
 zes,
 O, she flounces in flounces and whizzes in curls.
 To her blooming companions disburdens her mind,
 With her chatter so chipper, then proves a spry tripper,
 But she steps all the brisker when she notes the
 trim whisker
 Of the elegant youth of the gentleman kind.

Of gentlemen folks she is not much in awe,
 Being both judge and juror, she creates quite a furor.
 By dissembling she can set them a trembling
 To Love's merry trill or with Jealousy, Pshaw,
 What a bustle she brings to this sublunary sphere.
 As she trots in the fashion will embolden the passion,
 Of Love keeps a blazing with coquetries amazing,
 With her jolly or piquant flirtations; oh, Dear.
 As she sails on her cruise to instruct and amuse,
 So beautiful, withal sentimental,
 With continuous prattle, all the gossip will tattle;
 She will tell you the news to discourage the blues.
 And she glides like a goddess with her long, sweeping
 trails,
 Trips with ribbons a flying, and her bright glances
 shying,
 Glosy ringlets a streaming, and with smiles ever
 beaming.
 Then we wish her bon voyage, dear girl, as she sails.
 What a grand consolation she is, dear sir,
 With her kindly caresses the great world she blesses.
 Were it not then for woman, there wouldn't be a
 human.
 To that postulate, man, now you dare not demur.

A LOVELY FLOWER.

Couleur de rose.

HECTOR :

In Earth's lovely garden, my darling, my own,
 Where beautiful flowers are blooming,
 The light of thy countenance on me has shone,
 That roses of youth are illuming.
 The prettiest flower in the garden, my dear,
 Thy own charming self, modest flower,

. HECTOR AND ACHILLES.

The loveliest, sweetest, that mortal can cheer,
When clouds of misfortune shall lower.

The blest recollections of youth's happy days
No pleasanter mem'ries are bringing,
Than a beautiful face flecked with smile's sunny
rays,
Into ripples of laughter, aye ringing.

There's no one can soothe life's sorrows, dear
heart,
Like the loved one, the heart's dearest treasure,
There's naught so bright gladness can ever impart,
In the flower-spangled pathways of pleasure.

SOME ONE'S DEARIE,

ACHILLES:

Suarm curque.

Comes the sprightly little maiden
Gay with beauties overladen,
Surely you are some one's dearie,
All your songs are light and cheery.

Favors winning, love compelling,
Lovely spirit in clay dwelling,
Fair the dwelling, bright the spirit,
Grace and beauty should inherit.

Maiden in your cool, bright bower,
Art the most attractive flower,
Both an ornament and blessing,
Skilled in love and love's finessing.

Thee, fond suitors come a wooing,
Haply to their own undoing;
Thrilled by soft coquettish glances
Victims are of circumstances.

SOME ONE'S DARLING.

Lauda la moglie e tieni donzello.

O some one's darling dearie, O,
So charming, gay and eerie, O,
Am I that some one, darling come,
We'll brave the gossips cheerly, O.

The one who thus digresses, O,
Would pay thee his distresses, O,
Bestow, fair girl, a glossy curl
And pardon Love's addresses, O.

Come, be my little lady, O,
And do not be afraid ; no, no !
We'll trip this life, come be my wife,
But never be old maid, heigh ho !

Thou fair desideratum, O,
I wait thy ultimatum, O,
'Tis my employ to sing for joy,
Should I receive the datum, O.

O, Love's brave generalissimo,
So chatty, gay and lissome, O,
Her pink tinged cheeks, the lovelight freaks,
Would be nice treat to kiss 'em, O.

With me you might be happy, O,
As erst with your kind pappy, O,
I'll love you young, as has been sung,
And when you're old and cappy, O.

Begone, dull care, and sorrow, O,
To mirth we bid good morrow, O,
Midst love's fond strife, this life, good wife
We'll live, nor trouble borrow, O.

List, charming, dainty maiden, O,
With beauty overladen, O,
We'll find bright isle where life's short while
No ships shall come a trading, O.

With comforts few or sundry, O,
Will have no fears of Grundy, O,
Till Death shall come with visage glum
"Sic transit gloria mundi," O.

THE UNION.

Warble, O Muse, in a sprightlier rhyme,
Merrily, merrily carol the lays,
Cheerily sing of our forefather's days,
Memories dear of that perilous time.

We sing of thee our country, happy, fair and free,
And when perpetual peace shall reign,
Oh! then we'll chant the grand refrain,
Hushed is the roar of battle over land and sea.

Hail to thee, Liberty, loveliest one,
Goddess thou dwelt midst the pinnaced Alps,
Lifting up heavenward, venerable scalps,
Silvered with snows of the centuries gone.
Beyond Atlantic's wave, then kindled Freedom's
fires,
Thou left the mountain haunts of Tell,
For that far land thou loved so well,
To strive for liberty's bright joys impelled our
sires.

Gay, with her beauteous banner unfurled,
Fairest America sparkles a gem,
Beautiful, beautiful ocean shall hem
Shores of the happiest realm in the world.
Yea, prosperous and blest then shall her people be,
O'er mountain, vale and prairie plain,
Shall echo far the glad refrain,
Hushed is the roar of battle over land and sea.

PART III.

MAN.

PRELUDE.

ACHILLES:

Mise en scene.

Lord of our planetary sphere
 Man has but brief existence here.
 A few score years is Life's short day,
 And then he moulders into clay;
 To lifeless clay from whence he came
 With fine and well-proportioned frame,
 Of bones and muscles, sinews, nerves,
 And body formed for graceful curves
 Of motion in each changing move,
 And which a wise creation prove,
 The graces of man's brilliant mind
 Exalt him to the angelkind,
 Immortal mind with which he soars
 And Nature's mysteries explores.
 By powers of body or of mind,
 Perhaps by aid of both combined,
 He manages by years of time
 On Fame's high pinnacle to climb,
 With stubborn and resistless will
 He struggles up fair Science's hill.
 Or tossed about by Fortune's gale,
 He strolls in Poesy's green vale,
 Or flowery fields of Literature
 Which ever way the Muses lure,

HECTOR:

Quantum mutatu ab illo.

With moustacheor imperial,
 All neatly waxed, Man courts his gal.
 With lovely Burnsides or goatee,
 But like a rover of the sea,
 Full bearded, never known to shave,
 Man labors like the galley slave,
 Supports a fashionable wife
 And drudges on through weary life.
 Man toils in field or busy shop
 That wife may shine at fancy hop,
 And trot in Fashion's gaudy stream
 That throngs gay halls with jewels gleam.
 Man tills the soil, or delves the mine
 In politics his talents shine,
 And with extempore harangue
 He deftly mingles sense and slang,
 And lingers round the gay saloon
 Then homeward plods by the light of the moon.

THEME—LOVELY MAN.

HECTOR :

Delce far niente.

O luxury of leisure,
With light and happy song,
The primrose paths of pleasure
We gayly stroll along

O happy doing nothing,
Luxurious idleness,
There's many a jolly dandy
His lucky stars may bless.

Within a world of beauty
We journey as we please,
No care or humdrum duty
To worry from our ease.

To carol, flirt and tattle,
With beauteous damsel,
Soft speeches there to prattle
Where merry maidens dwell.

With birds their matins singing
To stray at early dawn,
Melodious echoes ringing
O'er dewy lea and lawn.

To loll in trellised bower,
Where sun can never shine,
At noontide's sultry hour
Beneath yon mantling vine ;

Or in the dell reposing
Beneath a bowery tree,
The languid senses dozing
In dreams and reverie,

In fairy land of pleasure;
Then should ennui oppress,
Trip light fantastic measure
And sing with sweeter stress.

For joy will vanquish sorrow,
And song will care beguile,
While rare delight you borrow
From Beauty's rosy smile.

MAN.

HECTOR :

Genus irritabile vatum.

O man, why wast thou given to woman,
 Posterity, prosperity—
 Perpetuate the species human,
 And with the same fair company.
 And thou deluded Patriarch,
 Why didst to Eve's persuasion hark,
 Or wer't thou longing for a lark.
 Now all thy sons, black, white or dapple,
 Are doomed to wear the Adam's apple.

ACHILLES :

There wags the brazen tongue anon,
 Of sly fantastic fanfaron,
 Who never has been given to woman,
 I truly wish that one spare rib
 Would bless my comrade, speaks so glib,
 That marvel of a mateless human.

HECTOR :

I think that Adam did his duty
 While tending flowers in Eden's bowers,
 Till coaxed away by smiling Beauty,
 He yielded to persuasion's powers.
 His sons still list the siren song
 Of Beauty in the giddy throng,
 And Pleasure's gleaming paths along
 She tempts the rosy wine to tippie,
 Though ruin glints beneath the ripple.

The beauteous maid attracts the lover,
 There'' many a wile lurks in the smile
 That on her countenance doth hover;
 Poor man, to spark plods weary smile.
 Alas, alas, with strengthening chain,
 She fascinates the rural swain,
 Who sighs in Love's delicious pain ;
 That charming being's smiling presence
 Will make a fairyland of pleasance.

Now, most assuredly, the trouble
 With Eve began, no wiser than,
 She was to discompose her double,
 Undoubtedly a gentleman.
 Who couldn't refuse his wife's request,
 Although he knew it was not best
 To disobey the high behest,
 Which proved that he was loth to leave her
 The only dupe of the Arch deceiver.

Were our first parents happy ever,
 And roamed at will in Eden still,
 Till they by disobedience sever
 Themselves from Eden—doomed to till
 The weedy soil, both early and late;
 And happy was their first estate,
 In Eden blest, until they ate.
 From tree of knowledge, of good and evil,
 Persuaded by the crafty devil.

From Eden barred man flies the missile
 To slay the deer in covert near,
 Eradicates the thorn and thistle
 That fruits and grain may flourish there.
 And man compelled to labor now,
 Along the furrow guides the plow,
 And earns his bread by sweat of brow,
 While at his toil he whistles cheerily
 Or sings of the girl he loves so dearly.

ACHILLES :

Attempting to elucidate
 That very ancient problem great,
 And learnedly discuss this question,
 Why nothing could surprise me so,
 That one so much gibberish should know,
 Now, science is my next suggestion,
 So let him when by marriage double
 Be vexed by matrimonial trouble.

A DISSERTATION UPON PRIMEVAL MAN,

Motto—Beatæ immemoriæ.

HECTOR :

Rerum primordia.

A hundred centuries ago,
 If I shall be allowed to tell,

HECTOR AND ACHILLES.

To chase the deer and twang the bow—
 Sir Darwin's ancestors did dwell
 Within this little world of ours.
 The earth was younger then and newer,
 They roamed unconscious midst the flowers;
 Of their magnificence be sure.

Then man was very like the ape,
 From whom he had no doubt descended,
 Of shambling gait and clumsy shape,
 With characteristics strangely blended.
 Wherever he his game espied,
 Persued through gloomy canon narrow,
 Ran up the rugged mountain side,
 With sinewy arm propelled the arrow.

The primitive man in limited garb
 Through wilderness then used to go.
 Awhile he shaped his arrow's barb
 Then bent the tough elastic bow,
 Perchance to shoot the cavern bear,
 And kill gigantic mammoth woolly,
 Or rout the reindeer from his lair,
 And understood his calling fully.

If game was scarce on herbs indeed,
 And roots or bark and browse could feast,
 No doubt like Nebuchanezzar feed,
 On grass, as any other beast.
 We find his foot-prints carved in stone,
 Once plastic clay, so say our teachers,
 And human bones and weapons strewn
 Along with bones of fossil creatures,

That lived in immemorial times,
 Remote and prehistoric age,
 When earth was turned to different climes,
 No date of change is on history's page.
 What caused the extremes of heat and cold?
 When were the great climatic changes?
 Far North the tropic creatures strolled,
 Far South the Arctic reindeer ranges.

My statements may not be believed,
 Geology will bear me out,
 That men in those past ages lived,
 We find their relics all about.

With fossil bones their primitive tools
Are found in deep alluvial strata,
When formed unknown to the wise or fools,
Unfortunately we have no data.

ACHILLES:

Observe the wise, sublime philosopher
And hear his learned and wonderful discourse,
From his derived conclusions I demur,
Till further notice, considering the source.
I judge he is, in fact could guess right well,
Descended from the "Lias" strata—
By accident of birth in big hotel
He might have been a "cullud waitah."

Far famed geologist then stir your stumps,
Until you prove what you would represent,
Go turn phrenologist, examine bumps;
With those bright faculties which nature lent
Keep muzzled, let no bright ideas escape.
In science he has learned to dabble,
Inherited, perhaps from chattering ape,
The grand magniloquent gift of gabble.

Consider what the deluge may have done,
Earth may have changed her own porlarity;
In devious ways the ocean's currents run,
And probably were borne afar at sea
The animals, that once inhabited
Our earth, while some on shore were stranded,
Yet some repose on Ocean's fathomless bed,
Some deep as time and tide demanded,

Were buried in th' alluvial soil,
Utensils, weapons, animals and man;
But then it is a vain and needless toil,
For truth sublime, the sciences to scan,
For science yields no glimmering of light,
Unless it were indeed a libel,
That every moral purpose puts to flight,
I am inclined to trust the Bible.

I verily believe that some learned man
Will science and the Bible reconcile.
The proofs produced just praise he shall have
earned,
Then so-called science can no more revile

HECTOR AND ACHILLES.

Sweel Bible truth. The mysteries to solve
 Some buried city's hieroglyphic
 May help, or some chance cause will truth
 evolve,
 But now dismiss the theme prolific.

HECTOR :

Divertissement.

Well, I never ! hear him preach,
 O, so clever, howsoever,
 Raillery begins his speech,
 Ending very like a fizzle.
 Try again, cosmogonist.
 Superstition and admission,
 Arguments involved in mist,
 Or dismiss your theme and mizzle.

Minds me of gay banners flung
 During holiday, so jolly,
 Speeches made and carols sung,
 Great parade and fuss and powder ;
 Walking o'er the grassy lea,
 Soon the bumble-bee doth rumble,
 The wicked bee will stop our glee,
 But we sing so much the louder.

Well, admit 'tis a theme for thought,
 And a question for digestion,
 Science really proving naught.
 True remains were found in strata,
 How and when may not be known,
 (A mystery man's faith to try),
 From each fossil life may have gone,
 We have not sufficient data.

THE BEAUTIFUL WORLD

ACHILLES :

Magnum opus.

The Omniscient Creator said, Let there be light !
 At his word a new planet developed from night ;
 Then the universe rang,
 For the morning stars sang
 A glad anthem of praise, so supremely sublime,
 In the dawn of creation, the morning of time.

Through the ages then forming our fair surface
world,

Round the tenantless shores were the ocean waves
curled,

Down the cycles, then range,

With a gradual change,

While the translucent gems, with the coal in the
mine,

Were then formed for our use by the Author Divine.

But as God had decreed our abode it should be,

Then the earth oft submerged brightly rose from the
sea,

And fulfilling his plan

For the pleasure of man,

He adorned it with flowers and scenery grand,

All in order arranged and most lovingly planned.

What a wonderful world the Creator has made,

With its changeable tintings of sunlight and shade,

And the bright, beaming ray

Of the sweet, glad morning day,

Or the stars glancing down, as have angels eyes
bright,

From the beautiful realms of ethereal light.

Ever since our proud sphere was from chaos evolved,

And at last when the elements all are dissolved,

In a moment of time, to that rapturous clime,

Shall the godly be wafted; while sinners are borne

To the torturing regions where lost spirits mourn.

Glide along in thy grandeur, O beautiful world,

Just as when by the power of Omnipotence hurled

Into limitless space,

On thy annual race,

Far around thy vast system's great center of light,

Midst the glistening orbs that illumine the night.

And revolve on thy axis, thou swift gliding sphere,

Give to all thy inhabitants sunshine and cheer;

Be the bright evening star,

To the planets, afar,

Or the pale star of dawn, to the far distant worlds,

As their crimson Aurora shall scatter dew-pearls.

And thou happily join in the spheres' wondrous song,

Journey on in thy orbit the fair worlds among,

That so tranquilly shine

On thy blue, rolling brine,

While uncouth monsters revel in dark ocean caves,
Far below thy blue billows and storm-shaken waves.

Splendent mountains of ice glitter far in the North,
While the southerly breezes soft blowing pour forth
Their delicious perfumes,
From the tropical blooms;
To the farthest extremes, are the products conveyed,
With the white sails of commerce in beauty displayed.

From the universe, down to the atoms of space,
Distant orbs that revolve, or the molecules we trace,
And the bright suns aglow,
All their origin owe
To the Being Supreme, their Omnipotent cause,
And are governed by Nature's immutable laws.

GOD.

Deus magno est.

God made the world and all therein,
The mountains, vales and billowy sea,
The various inhabitants
That live in water, air, on land.
He framed it and on nothing poised,
And sent careering through far space,
To whirl in orbit round the sun,
The great ecliptic once a year.
Bright day comes after gloomy night;
Bland summer follows winter still,
And ever has, since time began,
And shall till time shall be no more.
God rules with wise, mysterious laws
The wide extended universe,
Of which our sphere, so small a part,
Is like an atom to a hill.
He formed the monstrous, blazing suns
That glimmer from the depth of space,
And their attendant planets too,
With asteriods and satedites.
The flaming comets flying bar,
Through vast immensity of space,
And God made man the lord of earth,
And in the likeness of his God
Was man created; so to live,
An honor to himself and God.

But man is fallen and debased,
 Low fallen from his high estate,
 Has God in words of holy writ
 Revealed to man His will divine,
 By miracles and prophecies.
 By speech to man in ancient days,
 Declared himself to be I Am,
 The Great, Eternal, Living God,
 And Ruler of the Universe.
 Creation's works declare His power,
 Reveal the Architect's design
 And wondrous workmanship divine.
 He reared the mountains and the hills,
 To tower above surrounding plains.
 He formed the rivers and the rills,
 To glide midst valleys and ravines,
 In rippling streams or bright cascades.
 Formed Nature's sweet diversities
 Of fair, enchanting scenery,
 To beautify the external world.
 "Consider lilies of the field,
 They toil not, neither do they spin,
 And yet the great, learned Solomon
 Was not arrayed like one of these."

GOD'S VOICES.

Voces Dei.

Gods speaks in the deep rolling thunder,
 Or whispers with still, small voice.
 And pouring the mild, vernal showers,
 The valleys and hills rejoice.
 Continual process of Nature
 God's presence does clearly define.
 The plant and the fair living creature
 Reveal the Supreme design.
 His power is shown in the lightning
 As it leaps through the vaulted sky.
 He warns in the terrible cyclone
 With ever inspiring cry.
 He murmurs along in the zephyrs
 Of fair summer lands overpassed;
 Then uptears the proud forest monarchs
 As He rides on the wings of the blast.

In the earthquake and fiery volcano
He speaks with a sorrowful moan
Of death and ruined cities
Devoured or with lava o'erstrewn.
God speaks in the solemn sweet silence
Of the starry and beautiful night
As the mind in deep contemplation
Is lost in its heavenly flight.
There are mysteries never unfolded
Nor can we the problems solve
How the sun the far worlds illumines,
Why the planets around him revolve.
Infinity of duration!
The limitless realms of space,
With numberless orbs revolving
Round suns that we dimly trace.
God speaks with an infinite sweetness
In the song of the bird and the rill,
The beautiful poems of Nature
Are written on dale and hill.
He smiles in the clear golden sunshine
Or weeps in the life giving showers—
As the dry parching earth is moaning,
And wither the sweet, fair flowers.
He shines in the beautiful rainbow,
Where colors delightfully blend,
And to every work of creation
Doth Almighty wisdom extend.
In form, and rich grace, and rare beauty,
He speaks to the murmuring soul.
Nature's scenes aptly blending together
As parts completing the whole.
He speaks with tenderest pathos,
Of a world given over to sin,
While away from the dim vales of sorrow
Fair Nature is trying to win.
God tells in Divine Revelation,
Of a Heaven so bright after death,
'Tis the happy abode of the Christian
That he may obtain by faith.
Though we gaze with a rapt admiration,
At the wonderful Universe,
We must turn to our Maker repenting
To escape from sin's dread curse.

MAN.

HECTOR.

Animal implume bipes

O, rude, uncultured, then was man
When first humanity began
Their earthly pilgrimage.
With simple weapon banged each other
Nor could they wicked passions smother,
But warred with deadly rage.

With sling or swift unerring bow.
The primal man did kill his foe
Whenever it behooved,
But through successive generations
And with the rise and fall of nations
Has warfare much improved.

Destructive implements of war
Has science formed to maim and mar
The human frame divine.
Genteel and Christian ways of killing ;
Huge gaps the cannon calls are drilling,
Athwart the battle line

And shot and shell midst flame intense
Annihilate whole regiments
Where sulphury vapor rolls.
There valiant troops to death have striven,
Their spirits blest or unforgiven
Flit to the land of souls.

With primitive tools man tilled the soil,
The women had to cook and broil
With cheap utensils too.
With those they had to toil and tussle
Keep ever in a busy bustle
At what they had to do.

But now machines will do the work,
And man oan often labor shirk
To have a leisure day.
And like the gayly blooming flowers,
Or butterflies in shining hours,
See Beauty's bright array.

In boats men paddled round their coasts,
Now sail and steam; old Ocean boasts
A thousand argories.

HECTOR AND ACHILLES.

They sail in calm or stormy weather
That people may enjoy together
The luxuries of ease.

What every whim of trade demands
Those products bring from foreign lands,
Strange lands beyond the sea.
They lightly sail across the briny
To trade with India or China,
And there they all take tea.

With desert crossing caravan
They trade buy trinkets from Japan,
Rich silks from Indian looms.
With pearls and gems across the ocean,
To bring us many a longed for notion
The old ship cheerily booms.

At first our man his burden bears
Along the ancient thoroughfares,
And then employs the horse.
While over sandy tracks and gravel
The patient camel has to travel
For trade, the great resource.

But now the cars will carry freight
From Boston to the Golden Gate,
O'er mountains steep ascent.
Impelled by power of steamy vapor
The iron steeds do wildly caper
Across the continent.

From inland towns, from shore to shore.
By slower transit heretofore
With stage or wagon's aid,
O'er Alleghanies and the Rockies,
By favor of the teamster jockies,
Were goods and men conveyed.

Of earlier days we little know,
Perhaps alas, 'tis better so.
The antediluvian world
Was deluged with down-pouring water
That brought about a mighty slaughter
And earth in ruins hurled.

MAN.

HECTOR :

Materiam superabat opus.

God made our swiftly whirling world,
And in perpetual motion hurled
This fair, terrestrial gliding planet.
To dwell on earth through life's brief span
The God of Heaven created man,
A little lower than the angels,
Then gave to him a clear, refined
And deeply contemplative mind,
To solve the mysteries of nature.
A mind so capable and great,
Adapted to appreciate
The beauties of the vast creation,
With all the mental faculties
To ponder o'er the ologies,
Acquiring thus superior wisdom;
Famed books of learning to peruse,
In pleasing reveries to muse,
And soar in gay imagination.
For home protection may create
Communities and rules of state,
And regulations for the nations.
For purposes of government
The ablest men may represent,
Their towns in halls of legislation.
Majestic form and pleasing mien
And comely countenance serene,
To man were given by his Creator,
An agile tread and easy grace;
Expressive features and a face,
On which the thoughts are clearly written,
With mobile features wreathed in smiles,
By passion or by crafty wiles
Are lineaments divine distorted.
Distortions so appropriate
To cunning malice, envy, hate
And all the wild ungoverned passions.
But love lights up the countenance
With rosy blush and sparkling glance,
Enchanting smiles and changing dimples.
Sweet gayety and guileless mirth
Will make Elysium of earth,
Delightful borderland of pleasure.

O pleasant is the ingle side
Where calm content and peace abide,
Delights of cheerful conversation.
And merry is the revelry,
Of bachelor society,
Where wit and humor brightly sparkle.
Delightful humors. music's hum
Of light and gay symposium,
The lingering hours of time will slaughter.
Far pleasanter where ladies gay
Are blooming like the flowers in May,
Enchanting is their sprightly chatter.
Their clear toned voices blend in song
(While mingling in the merry throng)
And glide along in sweet soprano
Though turns and trills they glide with grace,
Contrasting with sonorous bass,
Sweet barytone or screeching tenor.
With earliest history man
The heroes fabled deeds began.
Then Genii earth and ocean people,
Each stream and mountain wood or vale,
They murmured in the gentle gale
Or clamored in the raging tempest.
The furious storm or lightning stroke
The earthquake or volcano's smoke
Would signify of Jove's displeasure.
And Neptune in his briny home
Oft lashed the waves into foam
And doomed the ships to sure destruction.
The deeds of great Olympian Jove,
Caprices of the god of love,
Are woven into classic poems.
Great Juno, Pallas, Jove and Mars,
All mingled in and managed wars.
The Muses and the fair Apollo
Taught mortals music and the arts—
And some excelled in chosen parts.
For Phidias was king of sculpture,
While Homer reigned supreme in song.
And sages to those times belong,
The seven, Socrates and Plato,
The founders of the different schools,
Created wise men out of fools.
It often happens, though, vice versa,
For instance bold Diogenes,
Who never learned the art to please,

HECTOR AND ACHILLES.

Was impudent, sarcastic critic;
For he could sit in his tub and growl,
As grave and solemn as an owl.
But prior to the classic ages
Then, skilled in Architecture, man
Was given wit and brain to plan
The mighty pyramids and temples.

THE BIRDS.

Duet by Achilles and Hector.

ACHILLES :

Enchanting is a stroll at morn,
Afar sweet varying sounds are borne,
And laden with perfume of flowers,
The morning air; and harken there,
Birds carolling in silvan bowers.

HECTOR :

Listen to the whoop and hallo
Of that supercilious fellow,
The delightful mocking-bird
Trills his joyous exclamations
With as many variations,
As a mortal ever heard.

ACHILLES :

And deep within the branching tree
The jaunty bird sings merrily,
There perched upon a binding spray,
Or flitting now from bough to bough,
He waddles forth his roundelay.

HECTOR :

In his dainty, bright, blue wrapper
Flits the pretty blue-bird, dapper,
Singing to his leafy home.
And the humming-bird comes humming—
Tells of golden summer coming,
Sylvan songsters northward ram.

ACHILLES :

O list the blithe melodious lark,
And sweet bird-chorus in the park,
The sombre plumage of the turtle dove

With mournful coo, will sing to you,
The melodies of love.

HECTOR:

Now I hear the tinkle, clink,
Of the jolly bobolink,
With his merry music box.
And hopping red-breast robin
Quiver with melodious throbbing
To amuse the feathered flocks.

ACHILLES:

Afield the whistling Robert White,
With cheery tune, all gay and light,
In his brusque, brisk way would seem to say,
Oho, Bob White, we're here all right,
But now we're gone, whiz, whiz, away.

HECTOR:

And he glides among the stubble,
As he whistles over trouble,
All protected by the laws,
While the sombre-coated cravens,
Crafty robber crows and ravens
Chant their weird delightless caws.

ACHILLES:

And jays and daws all chattering,
Must join their voices in the sing
With wild, discordant melody.
Would rouse despair from out his lair
To hear their fiendish revelry.

YOUTH.

ACHILLES:

Eheu, fugaces labuntur anni.

Pearly day dawn's brightening ray,
Heralding the king of day,
Who sublimely heavenward glides until, too
soon,
Our far longitude he gains.
Thus to manhood youth attains
When he basks in splendor so rare of life's
brief noon.

As the bright Auroral Morn
From the Orient is borne,
And reclining in her chariot of gold,
Flashes down upon the world,
Flecks of sunshine, dew impearled,
Gilds with glowing, golden tints the cloud's dark
fold.

Thus, through Life's rose dappled dawn,
Tripping nimbly as the fawn,
Youth is led in Pleasure's flower-enameled ways.
Impulse warm the heart doth thrill,
Earth's gay scenes or music's trill,
Or bewildering ecstasies of Love's sweet maze.

Youth is life's mild vernal day,
Changeable, now sad, now gay,
Sad till "singing birds" our childish griefs have
lulled,
Happy in the golden hours,
Seeking sweetest, fairest flowers,
Sparkling gems of thought from Wisdom's garden
culled.

While we now the future scan,
Or, unfolding our life-plan,
As through vapors shimmering sunbright hills appear,
So midst childhood's happy dreams,
Tinged with Hope's empurpled gleams,
From remorse and sorrow free, oh, life seems
dear.

Youth is joyous in the flower,
Physical and mental power,
Statesmen, warriors, famed writers of the day,
Rouse the world with mighty arm,
Or with magic, subtle charm,
Poesy's fair phrase or eloquence display.

Youth will cause bright thoughts to flit,
Gleam the polished gems of wit,
Gleam the pearls of thought and sparkling humors
gay.

Vigor rare of heart and brain.
Thrill the corps on battle plain,
Marching with majestic column's grand array.

Thus begins our life's fair morn,
 We, midst youth's illusions borne
 Up to man's estate and manhood's brilliant prime:
 Step within the golden door
 To return, ah, nevermore,
 Haply, though, in memories dear of youth's bright
 time.

THE STREAM OF LIFE.

Velis et remis.

On life's bright stream we launch our barge,
 Soft lights along the ripples gleam,
 We float along the pebbly marge,
 Or gaily glide adown the stream.

With merriment and song we glide,
 Our streaming pennants floating gay,
 Exultingly adown the tide,
 All thoughtlessly, upon our way.

Care free in youth's delightful morn;
 In later life our ardor cools,
 As down life's rapid stream we're borne,
 We dread the wrecking rocks and shoals.

We glide by streamlet's flowery fringe,
 Or drift along by hidden rocks,
 So often pleasure's rosy tinge,
 Is rudely marred by trouble's shocks.

OLD AGE.

Senex bis puer.

HECTOR:

Old Age comes on midst gathering gloom
 Along the pathway to the tomb,
 And slowly nears the dark and shadowy land
 of death.
 Unfading flowers most beautiful,
 Youth's fairy scenes, doth memory cull,
 Grim care and grief to lull, restore the fleeting
 breath.

O, garrulous age delights to tell
 Of boyish scenes remembered well
 The pleasaut games and talks in childhood's
 happy home;
 And marvellous feats of agile youth,
 Ere man was prey to care and ruth,
 To childish dreamy age what pleasing memories
 come.

And children gay with life and glee
 Delight to sit on Grandpa's knee
 And listen to enchanting tales of long ago.
 On scenes that failing memory brings
 Old Age a rosy glamour flings,
 As from a hill we gaze on sunlit vales below.

O Grandpa's growing young again
 While chatting with these little men
 And throws his crutches by and romps with
 childish glee
 He teaches them the merry plays
 And games of happy childhood days,
 Joy lights the wrinkled face and sorrows
 quickly flee.

Alloted threescore years and ten
 Will old age surely bring to men
 For with advancing age the faculties decline.
 Old men there are who years ago
 Bright stars in social circles shone
 And bowed at Fame's or Riches' or at
 Beauty's shrine.

And then at last comes dreary age
 When man is passing from the stage
 For feeble now and wan with care the old
 man is.
 Bent, wrinkled and with silvery hair
 He totters down Life's broken stair
 Then falls at last in death's dark fathomless
 abyss.

THE CLOSING SCENE

ACHILLES :

Pallida mors.

As sinks the sun beyond the purple hills
While golden glow of eve'n
The Western sky with purest splendor fills,
Like borrowed light from Heaven.

Then over all dim twilight gently steals
As day is fast declining,
While many a rift among the clouds reveals
A gold and crimson lining.

So goes the good man to his final rest
With countenance all smiling,
While angels beckon him to mansions blest
No earthly cares beguiling.

And life's long battle bravely fought and won,
Where angels bright are roaming,
Midst splendors fair of life's declining sun,
Would wend in the quiet gloaming.

And thus obtains his souls desired release,
The mortal, now immortal.
Is happy in the blessed realms of peace
Beyond the pearly portal.

The cold still body wreathed with immortelles,
In beatific bowers
The freed enraptured spirit ever dwells
Midst amaranthine flowers.

HEAVEN.

In caelo quies.

There's a realm that is fairer than day
Where the sanctified ever shall rest,
Richly robed in resplendent array,
In felicitious bowers of the blest.

Through the gates of their blissful abode
Shining portals of city of gold,
They have gone by the narrower road,
Never sorrow can come in that fold.

There the angels in brilliant attire,
Bid them welcome to Jesus their king.
Music sweet from the angelical choir
Through the heavenly arches shall ring.

There the harps of celestials resound,
And the saints carol Zion's glad songs,
That shall echo to Heaven's farthest bound,
Blissful melodies rolling along.

By the river of life they may roam,
All embroidered by beautiful flowers,
To adorn their delectable home
Up in Heaven's perennial bowers.

In the blessed pavillions of light
There are mansions for spirits forgiven,
Never sorrow, nor anguish, nor night
Can annul the pure rapture of Heaven.

THE BLISSFUL REALMS OF LIGHT.

Resurgam.

When my work is done here,
On this sorrow-veiled sphere,
And I'm borne over Death's chilling wave,
Father give me that faith
That will triumph o'er death
And will banish the gloom of the grave.

Savior teach me to pray,
That in Heaven I may,
More acceptably worship my God.
Waft my spirit away,
Though my perishing clay,
Shall lie mouldering under the sod.

If to me shall be given
The sweet rapture of Heaven
In a land that is brighter than day,
I will join in the song
Of the blood-sprinkled throng
As the heavenly harpers shall play.

Under tall waving palms
We will sing the sweet psalms
Of the prophets and sages of old.
Thither all nations come
Under Heaven's high dome
With its frescoes of crimson and gold.

As the martyrs shall sing
Will the arched heavens ring
Sounding on through eternity's years.
While the grand chorus swells
Soft as sweet silver bells
More sublime than the song of the spheres.

In glad union of voice
Saints and angels rejoice
In a concert of song and of praise.
On His bright shining throne
Sits the Infinite One
And the crucified Ancient of days.

Singing worthy the Lamb
Great is God, the I Am,
Are the angels in shining array.
And the saints robed in white
In those realms of delight
Chant the sweet songs of Zion for aye.

PART IV.

MIND.

PRELUDE.

ACHILLES :

Motto : Mens diviniior.

O, once again my busy brain,
Lead forth the glowing thought in train,
Thy wondrous talents use,
Sublime, mysterious phonograph,
That causes one to weep or laugh,
Bring sorrow or amuse.
Ring out each happy combination
With wonderful delineation,
And sleights of light imagination
Thy rose tinged dreams diffuse.
In bright imagination's realm
Enchanting fancy at the helm,
Most beautifully gilds
Our thoughts and dreams ; gay coloring
Imposing, with her waving wing,
Or grand air-castles builds,
And, adding still a finer polish.
Then cares those structures doth demolish,
Our sweet emotions stills.
Or like the honey sipping bee
The brain doth cull sweet imagery
From Nature's brightest page.
For vale and hill and flowery slope
May image sorrow, joy or hope,
Our raptured souls engage.
Earth seems so fair to mortal vision
And typifies the fields elysian,
The fading flowers, the strange transition
That comes to feeble age.

ÆSTHETICS.

ACHILLES :

Chiaroscuro to kalon.

O, I sing of the beauties of Nature and Art,
All the graces that please the æsthetical heart,
Of the flowery vale and the bowery dell,
Or the jeweled attire of the light-stepping belle.
And she trills the gay song with melodious voice,
That will make the faint heart of admirers rejoice ;
Then the bright regal beauty will glide 'mid the
throng.

Sing the flower's bright bloom and the bird's happy
song,
E'en the rapturous lay of the sweet nightingale,
And the forest-crowned hill and the stream threaded
vale.

There are paintings that imitate Nature's rare scenes
With delightful commingling of delicate greens.
Softened splendor there shines on the delicate lines
That are copied from Nature's consummate designs.
There are steep, rugged hills that wild Nature sub-
lime

Has up-piled and eroded by ages of time,
Now are checkered with fields by the culture of man,
Verdant slopes, flowered terraces, gardeners plan.
As the far-reaching, beautiful landscape we view,
All the fair, smiling scene, will our spirits renew.
There is hill above valley and hill above hill,
And the beautiful picture lies dreamingly still.
Sing the elegant phrases of Literature,
May the quaint, pithy epigrams ever endure.
There are poems that ripple and murmur along
Like the clear, tinkling rivulet's beautiful song.
List the murmuring songs of the bright, gliding rills,
As they hurry along from between the green hills,
And their tortuous ways do they merrily make

O'er the broad pebbly shoals where the bright ripples
 break ;
 Purling onward forever, the rivulet goes,
 Gentle Poesy's rill, or the still stream of Prose.
 Hear the orator utter fine phrases at will,
 With appropriate gestures, rhetorical skill,
 And the speaker illuming the theme he explores,
 With the beauties he borrows from Memory's stores.
 Proper flexion of voice, with a light rise and fall,
 In a soft rippling cadence, is pleasing to all.
 View the colors applied to the artist's bright dream
 In their differing shades will the rare tintings gleam,
 So the tintings of thought are thus often unfurled,
 To enliven and brighten our working-day world.

GAYETY.

HEC. : In Gayety's salubrious clime,
 We pass a life-long summer time ;
 A proper share of pleasantry
 Will surely cause longevity.
 There trips along the verdurous earth,
 The merry laughter bringing mirth,
 And noi-lessly she glides the while,
 Calls forth the gloom-dispersing smile ;
 At last the boisterous ha, ha !
 Or, frequently the loud guffaw,
 But when the orgies do begin,
 Anon, the mild benignant grin
 Illuminates the countenance,
 While furiously the dimples dance,
 To drive the shadows from the face,
 And all the lines of care erase.
 So merrily on we fare,
 And bid good-by to gloomy care ;
 As clouds of care are vanishing,
 Then Hope, the harbinger, doth sing,
 And pleasure, from her gleaming gates

Would welcome to her fair estates,
And as of Midas, we are told,
Whate'er he touched was turned to gold ;
In jollity's enchanted land
Another Midas waves his wand.
Our thoughts are tinged with drollery
Or burnished bright with piquancy ;
The sparkling jets of subtle wit,
And humors light make trouble flit,
Afar the flashes scintillate,
As from great minds they emanate.
And e'en the golden beams of thought
Within the mind's deep caverns wrought,
Are interspersed with fantasies,
And colored with bright imageries,
In warm, rich tints from Orient lands,
With quaint conceits the brain expands.
They fly from realms of roseate morn
On thought's electric pinions borne,
They flock in Fancy's fiery train,
To occupy the poet's brain.

IMAGINATION.

ACHILLES. Extol the splendors of the Mind,
That marvellous workmanship, designed
By God. The various faculties
Have wrought the golden sentences
That round the brain are interposed,
Till speech, her pearly bars unclosed,
Shall ripple forth in pleasing voice,
To make the list'ning world rejoice.
Thus gems of fine discourse are wrought,
From deep, unfathomed wells of thought ;
Ideas grand and phrases fine,
In glowing sentences combine ;
They, panoplied in brave array

As for a summer's gala day,
Flash forth in brilliant arguments,
Or streams of fiery eloquence,
In oratorical discourse ;
Which, like a rivulet, from its source
Grow broader, as they onward flow,
To decorate the vales below ;
And oft the stream of learning winds
Through channels, shoals of feebler minds,
While Memory her legion pours
Of thoughts from out the ivory doors,
As armed battalions on parade,
March forth upon the esplanade.

HEC. : From the light and airy nothings,
From the sparkling realms of fancy,
From the flowery fields of romance,
And the fairy-land of fables,
Has the bright imagination
Wrought in Poesy's sweet verses,
Or, in Prose's enchanting pages.
Here find pleasantry and humor,
Ridicule, and lively satire,
Richly ornamented stories,
Similes and allegories ;
Form delightful tales of fiction,
Polished bright with ornate diction,
Or, in ruder style of Nature,
Minds all unadorned with learning,
Oft express their thoughts in language
Awkwardly, with quasi culture,
Though they have a clear conception,
Cannot speak their thoughts so clearly.
O many a wild phantasmagory
A dwelling makes in the upper story ;
There do Reveries sweet musings
In the brain's recesses linger,
Images of gay conceptions,
Dart about like motes in sunshine.

ACH. : Or, like the gaudy butterflies
 And cloudlets tinged in sunset skies,
 And still those vagaries obtain.
 They traverse all the mazy brain ;
 And evermore their presence there
 Will make for us Life's sunshine fair,
 So when our bright day-dreams begin
 The fantasies flirt out and in,
 Like birds in leafy labyrinth.

HEC. : Rosily the dawn begins,
 Letting golden sunshine in ;
 Bringing light and joy and mirth,
 To the gloom-beclouded earth.
 So do pleasing memories
 Form delightful images
 Charming scenes of other days,
 Are now wrought in rhythmic phrase.
 Life is all a pleasing dream,
 While recurring memories gleam,
 Reverie air-castles builds,
 Which imagination gilds ;
 Round them golden beams will fling,
 Diamond sparkled, glittering
 Showers, the light of memory,
 Lustre emitting fantasy.
 Lightsome preludes memory sings,
 Culled by far meanderings,
 Merrily will fancies chime,
 Sweetly, sweetly join in rhymes,
 Like the bird's gay caroling,
 While it would blithe matins sing.
 Come, enchanting Imagery,
 Link with joyous Memory,
 Merriment art welcome too,
 Gladness bring, and youth renew,
 Come midst sorrow, gloom and din,
 Let the golden sunshine in,

THE MUSES.

HECTOR :

Epulis accumbere divum.

Thrilling strains of rare music, enchantingly sweet,
Oft in reverie or vision around me will fleet.

Then my brains throb and flutter with the thoughts

I must utter

And I thank the kind Fates for the marvelous treat.

Shall I then poetize if the Muses inspire

And accompany Muses Apollo's sweet lyre.

Yes, the charmers I'll follow and the graceful

Apollo

And will listen with joy to the lyrical choir.

Then be sure, song-inspirers, if welcome to come

To the Muse-haunted mountains, your bright sylvan
home,

Where the goddesses rambled and Pegasus has am-
bled

Mild bewitching beauties, sweet fancies shall
room.

On the steed of the Muses to mount I will try,

And away to the realms of the Orient fly,

To the heights of Parnassus bear me gently, Pega-
sus,

Lest my balance I lose as I whisk through the sky.

O, then, hasten along, like a yacht in a gale,

Like a telegraph message, or ghost at full sail,

Flit across the wide ocean with the easiest motion

Over towering mountain and flowery vale.

Not by Caprean coast where the venturous wight

By the siren's sweet song is entranced with delight.

Resolution relaxing unless tympanums waxing

He must fall a sure prey to the death-dealing spirit,

Where the gay smiling Hours with the Graces ad-
vance,

Or the fairies and elves meet by moonlight to
 dance,
 While each fair or grim spectre sips Ambrosia and
 Nectar
 Thither waft me Pegasus and there lightly prance.
 When the banquet is over thy travels resume,
 Fan the ether with pinions of glossiest plume,
 And among the ornamental, showy folk, Oriental,
 Haste to Ind's sunbright vales or the isles of per-
 fume;
 And from Araby blest unto heathen Cathay
 Through the land of fierce Ghebers, through Cash-
 mere we stray,
 And in ancient Damascus perhaps they will ask us
 To examine the scenes and to stop for a day.

ACHILLES :

O the dear docile steed, how like lightning he goes.
 Fare thee well frisky creature, take thy needed re-
 pose,
 Who this poem peruse will perceive that the
 Muses
 Might have helped very greatly these rhymes to
 compose.

CHATEAUX EN ESPAGNE.

Building castles in the air,
 Is delightful occupation.
 Reveries will conquer care
 Exercise imagination.
 Wrapped in dreamy revery,
 Or in most profound abstraction,
 Surely then light fantasie
 Guarantees mild satisfaction.
 As the soapy bubbles rise
 Blown aloft for children's pleasure,

So the chateaux reach the skies
 Filled with luxuries and treasure.
 Thrilled by fair enchantress Hope
 Merry youth goes castle building,
 Glides down Pleasure's polished slope
 All deluded by the gilding,
 Chateaux gleam with brilliancy
 Like the opal's sweet chatoyment,
 So will youth's bright gayety
 Yield abundance of employment.
 Bound by musing naught we note—
 Far in fancy's bright dominions,
 Leisuredly with ease we float
 Borne away on downy pinions.

MEMORY.

ACH.:

While retracing our way through the vista of years,
 To a mental review, what a pageant appears;
 And anon into revery falling,
 Pleasant hours of childhood recalling,
 With the pleasures they bring mingle sorrow and
 tears.
 Blessed Memory, thou inexhaustible mine,
 Where we delve and obtain precious jewels that
 shine,
 In our youth's fairest diadem gleaming;
 And we, building air castles and dreaming
 Of our childhood's glad time, journey down Life's
 decline.
 Lovely scenes, as if circled with radiant sheer—
 As it were, blissful glimpses of Heaven are seen—
 Where the spirits are happily dwelling;
 Of the past, so enchantingly telling
 Pleasant tales with our friends, are in memory kept
 green.

And the far-away scenes we do mournfully view,
While the trifles of youth fairest rose tints imbue.

Thus so often our childhood renewing,
The illusions of Hope still pursuing,
We will roam amid wrecks adverse Fortune may
strew.

FORGETFULNESS.

HEC :

Next we carol of careless forgetfulness,
That will banish the demon of fretfulness;
As our trials oft worry us frightfully,
Then forgetfulness comes so delightfully;
Kind oblivion, balm of the sorrowing,
Comes to those who are trouble still borrowing.
And forgetfulness, kind's oblivious,
Favors many whose natures are bivious.
Though their statements are oft contradictory,
By forgetfulness they gain a great victory.
With their quibbles and equivokes numerous,
They are subject to jests of the humorous.
By forgetfulness, persons convivial
Are relieved from their troubles so trivial,
As if lulled into slumber by Morpheus
Or entranced by the music of Orpheus.

HOPE.

ACHILLES.

As the sunbeams refracted, dissolved in the rain,
On the opposite heavens are mirrored most fair;
So the sweet light of memory reflected, again
In the future the rainbow of hope's imaged theres
And thus memory, forming the bow's brilliant span,
Is the warp through which imagery's shuttle still
plies,
While she weaves the designs in the future of man

With a web that is tinted with hope's rainbow
dyes.

And 'tis hope, the bright angel, that beckons us on ;
With a bland, winning smile she persuades us along,
While she promises pleasure and treasure anon,
And enchants by her presence, enraptures with
song.

She portrays the gay splendor of riches and fame

Where the luxuries, titles and pleasures abound,
And were Love in the heart, she increases the flame,
For an aureole bright doth the fair one surround.

While the blest scenes of memory hallow the past,
Smiling hope's sneeny veil o'er the future is
thrown ;

And if sometimes with gloom are the skies overcast,
Yet the clouds shall depart or afar shall have
flown.

DESPAIR.

HECTOR.

Grim despair, in dooming castle sits,
Or round about, a gloomy shadow flits.

The sullen giant gathers up his wits
To bother mankind,

His beaming brows become a sunny frown,
With ominous gleams ever flashing down,
He would the earth in floods of sorrow drown,
Our merry world to ban.

He angles with Misfortune's cruel snare
And magnifies each large or trivial care
To worry us in Life's long thoroughfare,
And gloom the fleeting hours.

He tarnishes fair Fame's bright garland wreath,
While sweet young lives extinguished by his breath,
Put on the cold and pallid hue of death,
And wither like the flowers.

MIND.

ACH: Great thoroughfare of fancies fond,
There sweet contrasted thoughts combine,
And faculties as facets shine.
The mind is like the diamond
That gleams in kingly diadem,
Or like the iridescent gem
Whose colors change with changing light,
The beautiful opal's varying hue
New combinations brings to view.
Bright colors come and take their flight,
And others ever come instead;
And so, when thought to thought is wed,
Like a panorama, there unfolds
The pictures imaged on the brain,
They throng in Voice's voluminous train,
As Thoughts resounding vehicle rolls,
While luminous conceptions burn,
Impatiently await their turn.
In mind of man thou hadst thy birth
O wisdom, daughter of the skies,
Wast taught on soaring wings to rise
Above the vanities of earth
And in thy wildest rhapsodies
Hast heard celestial symphonies.
There Wisdom dwells in bright abode
The mind; her path from doubt to clear.
Sweet Learning is her cavalier,
Along the way has flowers strowed.
Thus Learning furnishes the mind
With ornaments of varied kind,
Still delves among antiquities.
The restless spirit ever roams
That sear bes all the classic tomes
Peruses ancient histories,
The mind is all a plot of weeds
That thorough cultivation needs

To check the wild luxuriant growth
And Learning is the gardener.
The bright attendant minister
Performs that duty nothing loth
And everywhere that Learning goes
"The desert blossoms as the rose,"
While Learning works unceasingly.
Encumbering weeds for thought make room,
Then flowers spring and roses bloom.
Reposited in memory
Are beauties intellectual
To brighten every interval
Between the hours of daily toil.
Poetic thoughts like birds will sing
Or like the vine's soft tendrils cling
In many a lustrous shining coil,
As learning qualifies the mind
To rise to sentiment refined
So Poesy's diviner glow
To towering altitudes would climb;
From pinacles of thought sublime
Surveys the plodding world below.
Above the world's incessant hum
Sweet Posey delights to come;
To view the battle from afar
She wings her grand aerial flights
To rest upon the mountain heights
And lingers there a gleaming star.
Like thistle down by air upheld
Are Poesy's light dreams, they weld
The links in thoughts unending chain,
That overhangs the world beneath
So like a woven flower wreath,
A circling ever shifting train
Has wrought in brightest imagery
Translucent pearls of Poesy.
And thus progressing ever on

Has Wisdom flourished for a' time,
Has written David's psalms sublime,
And proverbs wise of Solomon ;
Has taught sublime philosophy
Or principles of liberty
While Wisdom and Philosophy
Have wrought with strange materials,
And by the aid of chemicals
Have won to constant ministry
And servitude the elements
That flood the world with affluence.

THE MERRY FACULTIES.

ACH: Around the brain so lightly flit
The merry mirthful faculties,
Fantastic humor, lively wit,
A thronging troop of pleasantries.

We smile at many a happy turn
Of humor, that never goes by rule,
Or checks in strange confusion burn
At satire's jeers or ridicule.

Like beauteous tint of dawning day
Shines Wit's supreme felicity ;
Or like the Northern streamers gay
Plays humor's light machinery.

Bright humors causing mild surprise
Amuse us by their oddity,
And while the conversation flies
They come forth unexpectedly,

They revel in continued change
Adopting every model phrase ;
Around the wide creation range,
Perambulate in diverse ways.

They come from silent realms of thought
Of varying shape, chameleon hue ;
With many a mental medley wrought
Of changing fancies bright and new.
The mind attuned to thought's sweet chimes
Is like a harp of a thousand strings ;
Will compass Wisdom's songs sublime
And humor's lightest carollings.
Thus changeful humor's frequent flash
Diversifies the veering theme ;
And brilliant witticisms clash
In conversation's steady stream.
Within the workshop of the mind
Where bright conceptions congregate
There new ideas seek their kind
To thoroughly assimilate.
The meddler of the thoughts incongruous
Brings humor's eccentricities
And phrases of an ludicrous
From whimsical appliances,
But when ideas aptly join
And thought is linked to similar thought
Concordant phrases then we coin
With wit and genuine humor fraught.
Like thoughts will glide a flowing tide
Wit's superstructure fair will rise
That gleams from every luminous side
With scintillations terse and wise.
Shine brilliant Wit's resplendent gleams ;
So like the bright effulgent morn,
That throws afar the lucent beams,
The shadowed planet to adorn,
While humor's light serene
Is Wisdom's sweet reflected ray,

Like Luna's light, that night's iair queen
 Has borrowed from the god or day.
 Now wit with elegance expressed,
 In rare and beautiful phrase,
 Is chosen language finely dressed
 And veiled in thought's most subtle maze.
 And they enjoy a pleasure true
 Where Wit and Humor have control,
 A pleasing mental barbecue
 "A feast of reason and a flow of soul."

RIDICULE AND SATIRE.

HEC.: The marvellous song concludes,
 Alackaday!
 That brilliantly preludes
 My humbler lay.
 And he who lately sang
 Bold humor's row,
 And witticism's clang,
 Is silent now.
 With varying melody,
 As we have heard,
 He warbles tunelessly
 As humming bird.
 To distant realms unknown,
 The Muse has fled,
 And whither may have flown
 Has not been said.
 Now Poesy I call,
 Invoke the Nine,
 Lest inspiration fall
 On pen of mine.
 Come pencil Poesy
 Each rosy gule,
 And sing so merrily
 Of ridicule.

HECTOR AND ACHILLES.

Now Satire's cruel cuffs

Make one feel sad,

And ridicule's rebuffs

Sublimely mad.

So could I call my Muse

Upon the scene,

The world I would abuse

With satire keen,

Or sweep a mighty swath,

Like reaper Time,

And make the people wroth

At taunts sublime.

Phillippics roar immense,

Assume an air

Of seeming innocence,

As unaware.

Invectives I pronounce,

So fiercely hurled,

Though weighing not an ounce,

Could thrill the world.

And then I would employ

The quizzing pun,

My comrade to annoy,

That sprightly one.

POESY.

ACH. . Come hither Poesy, bring rare delight,
 Come tripping down the flower-fringed ways,
 Thy pleasing numbers all my soul excite,
 To sun me in the Muse's rays.

Yea, imitate the stately verse of old,
 Sweet lyric songs, idyllic lays,
 Oft interspersed with streams of purest gold,
 Fair jewels set in classic phrase.

Hast roamed afar o'er vale and mountain land,
 Of Greece and sunny Italy,
 Thou Virgil's charming, elegant verse hath planned
 And Homer's marvellous poetry.

The skalds have sung in sagas of the Nourse,
 Bold sea-kings sent on forays fell,
 Valkyrias marked them in their perilous course,
 In fair Valhalla, aye, to dwell.

Hast warbled in the minstrel's lofty strain
 That sang renowned chieftain's power,
 Anon, hath murmured in the sweet refrain
 To serenade yon lady's bower.

Come Poesy, in youth's bright May morn come,
 And caroling with gleeful strains,
 Sing sweet contentment of the rural home,
 Where unalloyed pleasure reigns.

Come, like the birds, and carol all day long,
 Recalling happy memories,
 And interweave the glowing pearls of song,
 To brighten Life's realities.

O, paint the beauties of the sylvan scene,
 Where Nature smiles supremely gay,
 Sweet birds and flowers, and leafy forest green,
 With eternal robes of emerald spray.

The songs of warbling birds and waving boughs,
 That echo o'er the bordering farms,
 Our souls to blissful consciousness arouse,
 Entranced with Nature's lovely charms.

COMPOSING POETRY.

HEC.: O, can you brilliant thoughts compose,
 Arranged and set in train,
 And manufacture poetry
 All in your busy brain?

HECTOR AND ACHILLES.

Likewise the gentle Muse invoke,
 Or pen poetic phrase,
 Exhibiting your rhyming skill,
 The public to amaze.
 O, then you seem like one inspired,
 To poetry inclined,
 A rapturous frenzy then disturbs
 Your calm, unruffled mind.
 And then you write with elegance,
 The sentiments refined,
 To set agog the wondering world,
 Throughout all future time.
 Or would you poetry indite
 To maiden whom you love,
 And, liken her with similes
 To blessed ones above.
 Then using pleasing metaphors,
 As birds or blooming flower,
 With words of tender eulogy,
 Sing her attractive power.
 To suit your poems to the press,
 O, you must prune and prune,
 And twist around until it sings
 Just like a good hymn tune.
 Do not eliminate too thin,
 For often 'tis the case,
 Nor beauty lingers in the line,
 Nor styles expression grace.
 Then exercise the faculties,
 And thoroughly revise;
 To skillfully elaborate
 Much studiousness implies.

 PROLOGUE TO HECTOR AND CLAUDIA.

ACHILLES :

All in the month of roses,
 When the budding rose uncloses

And blows with fragrance sweet to zephyr's airy
tune,

Brisk harbinger of summer

There comes the gilded hummer,

The hum-bird round the roses flits in merry June.

"I circle round the flowers

In this gay world of ours,

My love is all a rose so sweet with youth's bright
bloom ;

As lovely as a peri ,

My darling girl, my dearie,

Her beauty is supreme, her graces grandly loom,

Though of her favors chary,

She wins my heart, the fairy."

So sings my bonvivant with hopeful happy song,

I fear the great attraction

Will drive him to distraction,

I fear his brain won't bear the strain of courtship
long.

"In an enchanted garden,"

Gay couple—beg their pardon—

There bandy metaphors and fond similitudes

Fair Claudia and Hector,

There trip amidst the nectar,

They prattle love's fond phrases, indulge in lover's
feuds.

"The course of true love never

Runs smooth," they say. Forever,

There are slight jars and wit's returning boomcrang

Creates a faint suspicion,

Or laughs in mock-derision.

Then love flights shy to dissipate the light harangue

From gay conservatory,

Quite pleasing allegory,

He culls a gay bouquet to hint sweet sentiment.

She kens each flower's meaning,

Their purport promptly gleaning.

HECTOR AND ACHILLES.

She gives him only a flower with blush most elo-
quent.

She gives him only a flower,

Rare beauty is the dower,

She gives herself, fair girl, with cheeks all glowing
red,

Fair features to love beguiling,

Illumed with happy smiling,

Reflective of the thoughts contained in her wise
head.

HECTOR AND CLAUDIA.

CLAUDIA: Kind Ariel, thou merry sprite,

Ethereal form, celestial being,

Who fluttest in the fields of light,

The fate of mortals oft decreeing.

Commiserate unhappy girl,

Descending from aerial regions,

Come circling in a flaming swirl,

Bring with thee all thy airy legions.

Thy many shapes thou may'st assume,

Enchanting warbles, sweet or eery,

Be pleased kind spirit to resume,

Enlivening my world so dreary.

If thou wilt come at my command,

As once thou favored fair Miranda,

And brought her love, Prince Ferdinand,

Whilst aiding in that isle's mutanda.

Then bring, kind sprite, my loved one here,

To woo me fair with facile phrases,

And whisper soft delightful cheer,

While courting in love's charming phases.

ARIEL:

I lightly fall from the empyrean,

Soft gliding to the sphere

Sad maiden thus to cheer,
 That her soul may sing exulting pean,
 With musical mysterious humming
 I cleave the ether blue
 To minister to you ;
 Most willingly, fair girl, am coming.
 To ply my quondam avocation
 With fascinating lures
 Will make him wholly yours.
 To whisper love's kind consolation,
 Will search the great creation over,
 And trip the green earth round
 Until your love be found.
 What is he like, your quasi love. ?

CLAUDIA :

He is the courteous warden
 Of gay society's garden,
 And tends the blooming flowers
 A gentleman of leisure.
 He follows phantom pleasure
 Amidst enchanting bowers.

Chorus.

As fair as the sun with golden adorning
 That gayly illumines the beautiful morning ;
 And like the sweet sunshine's radiant glintings
 His features assume Aurora's bright tintings.

With handsomest of faces
 Whereon all manly graces
 Fine Thought's descriptive pen
 Has there delineated,
 With features animated
 Comes Hector king of men.

His jetty curls are flowing,
 Round features brightly glowing
 With rare intelligence.

And many a pearl there flashes
 Beneath his curled mustaches
 In smiling eloquence.

HECTOR : (*Approaching.*)

Sing merrily, sing merrily,
 In flower-twined domicile
 With music bewildering warble to me
 All Nature listens still.

The music of the chiming sphere,
 Appeared to waft me on
 Till I came to your bower, O beautiful dear,
 I floated hither and yon.

And here and there my steps pursue
 By fleeting impulse borne,
 When a far away song seemed to call me to you
 And hither I come this morn.

While traversing the garden, dear,
 This lovely flowery plot
 Come greet me kind welcome with carolling here
 Where blooms forget-me not.

CLAUDIA :

It is not possible, kind sir,
 And really you are mistaken,
 That my low mat-muring thus could stir
 And one so far away should waken.

HECTOR :

Your song from sloth's dull dreams would rouse,
 Or lighter visionary slumber-,
 The woodland songsters from their boughs,
 Aye listen to the rhythmic numbers.

So now I come, all wide awake,
 Attracted by a fair Aurora.
 Perhaps I come for love's dear sake
 To argue in the realms of Flora.

1 Serenely in their little bed
 The roses bloom, a fair fotilla.
 Pink petaled sails are gaily spread
 In circles round her garden villa.
 Bright pansies and the fleur-de-lis,
 Geraniums, sweet pinks and posies,
 A lovely garden 'tis to me
 The lovely owner there discloses.

CLAUDIA :

The birds are singing on the lawn
 Or warble light in blossoming bowers,
 And here sweet singing maid has drawn
 A famous connoisseur of flowers.
 As pretty as her garden rose
 Fair maiden siren songs is singing,
 Allures that paragon of beaux,
 The valorous Trojan hither bringing.
 Where rivaling the blossoming dell.
 The flowers that bloom at her volition,
 Shall each in Poesy's language tell
 Its delicate and cheering mission.
 In garden, field or eerie glen
 There blooms the beauteous race of flowers.
 Who can their mystic language ken
 May pass away long happy hours.

HECTOR :

The birds, the merry little sprights,
 Are happy in their green pavilions.
 They warble forth their gay delights
 And hop about in brisk cotillions.
 And now the carol blithe is heard
 Of damsel fair midst daffodillies.
 Red roses to her cheeks transferred
 Are warring there with pale sweet lilies.

CLAUDIA :

The blooms adorning my parterre
 Outshine with variegated splendor
 The hypothetic posies fair
 To silly praise would tribute render.
 Gay daffodils and jonquil pinks
 With dahlias, tulips, all the roses,
 A gaudy miniature world me thinks,
 Where oft the fairy light reposes.

HECTOR :

There flames the brilliant Marigold ;
 A proverb lurks in self-same flower,
 The doom of thousands has been told,
 Tis marry gold, for gold is power.
 Wee buttercups for bibs declare,
 Of sly coquetry hints Laburnum,
 The Cypress groans in mute despair,
 Forget-me-not to love will turn 'em.
 The Tulip smacks of forfeited bliss,
 When lighted on by merry Phoebus (fee bus).
 There would I speak Love's catechism (kiss 'em)
 With many a gallant retus (rebus).

CLAUDIA :

No doubt has rebused many gals
 With loving phrases fond but fleckle.
 Has cousined them with gay fallals
 While cozening with wit's keen sickle.
 The Daffodil will false hopes express,
 And Batchelor's Button, Beauty thwarting,
 Still twits of single blessedness,
 Night blowing serious, beauty's departing.

CLAUD. : Those innocent but gorgeous blooms
 Are guiltless, all, of sly flirtation,
 Alas! that human creature dooms
 My flowers mute to defamation.

They're not so fond of rebusing,
And never learned the catechisms,
Their guilelessness ne'er forfeiting,
To silly love's fallacious isms.

HEC. : The lady comprehends me false,
Where naught was meant but simple punning,
For wit still capers in a waltz,
In labyrinthine mazes running.

I would not slander one of those
Bright blooms, much less the beauteous being,
Fair guardian angel of the blows,
From casual imputations freeing.

And not one spark of raillery,
Will e'er escape her shrewd detection,
For all are blooming prettily,
Arranged with suitable selection.

Now, would I cull a fine bouquet,
Of posies for the charming owner,
And these my sentiments shall say,
If she will be the obliging donor.

Of one sweet flower, 'tis all I hope,
The tuberose and the pink acacias,
The pansy and the heliotrope,
I choose, with myrtle and the daisy.

CLAUD. : Ah, me, most pitiable is my lot,
Should I not give the right solution,
Then take this meek forget-me-not,
May love ne'er suffer diminution.

HEC. : Dear Love's assurance, fond, but mute,
From thy fair cheek would aptly borrow,
And once and again a sweet salute,
Prophetic of a golden morrow.

ACH. : Bless you my children, here you are,
In interesting attitude,

No obstacles your bliss to mar,
Except myself, and I intrude.

We're singing psalms and clasping palms,
O would that I might rove incog,
Observing these two gentle lambs,
Recite their loving dialogue.

Ah! now they talk the childish brogue,
And gushing nonsense emulate,
With Love's chimera's all in vogue,
Preluding marriage's honored state.

No doubt they've risked a desperate game,
Amidst Love's witcheries have striven.
And yet they simper all the same,
Though sealed proposals have been given.

Sly Hector, O you naughty ehild,
How has your wooing thrived, my boy?
Although you smile so meek and mild,
The tin-horn band I must employ.

Anon, the wild chivarari,
Their first sad matrimonial care,
Shall add sweet chiming minstrelsy,
With wedding-bells will music share.

We'll have shrill music, weird and strange,
And rivaling melodious gong,
Bright variations shall arrange
To intersperse the marriage song.

And each by turn will signify
The joys and woes of married life,
And concord, discord, caused thereby,
From love's bright smiles, or silly strife.

Kind Fortune grant prosperity,
A long, long life, and pleasant days,
To live together happily,
And journey on in wisdom's ways.

PART V.

NATURE.

PRELUDE.

ACH. : How beautiful, o'er hill and plain,
The scenes in Nature's fair domain,
As vegetation's forms appear,
To decorate the varied year.
Had I intelligence and power
To paint the many-tinted flower,
The rhythm of Nature's blent array,
As eternal graces shall display,
Delineate the rural scene,
As when earth puts on her robe of green,
Imagination's coloring
To beautify my theme would bring.
An artist's pencil I would use,
But diffidence e'er curbs my muse,
Her grand and heavenly flight retards.
The lyrics of the ancient bards
I dare not try to imitate,
Nor shall attempt to stimulate
To rapture dull prosaic souls.
While Nature to their minds unfolds
Her charming picture gallery
Of wild, enchanting scenery,
Their thoughts revert to other scenes,
Are busy with financial schemes ;
The varied problems of this life,
With all its cares and pleasures rife.
They cannot note the beauteous bloom,
Of flowers wrought in Nature's loom,
Sweet verdure, too, the emerald sheen,
Of vegetation's vivid green ;
Soft carpeting of dale and hill,
The diamond flash of purling rill.

Nor list the sweet-toned warbler's song,
In faintest echoes borne along.
Bright Nature in her gay dress
Awaits the zephyr's soft caress,
The humid breath of warm, mild showers,
So girdle earth with blooming flowers.
The myriad plants and living things
A gay diversity still brings ;
While Earth her powers has renewed
And beams with teeming plenitude.

AMERICA.

ACH.: America, renowned and fair,
Illustrious beyond compare,
I sing thy free and prosperous state,
In liberty and power elate;
Prepared whene'er occasions rise
For bold exploits or grand emprise.
I now thy present glories laud,
Thy past achievements would applaud,
Whose people vanquished tyranny
And broke the chains of slavery.
Magnificent America,
Bright land beyond departing day,
Reposing in the Western sea,
The future home of Liberty.
Around thy capes old Ocean curled,
And kept thee from the ancient world.
But from thy mysteries unknown
Our land Discovery has won.
Explorers sailed the seas between
The thousand leagues that intervene,
And landed on thy blessed shore,
America, unknown before.
They found a fruitful soil, but then
Wild woods, wild beasts and wilder men.
But still the people flocking come
To that New World, to find a home.
Some driven away by tyrant's stress,
Seek refuge in the wilderness.
Before the sturdy pioneers
The stealthy Indian disappears.
By these was peopled our New World,
The flag of Liberty unfurled.
With rapid changes pass the years
And Commerce joins the hemispheres.

As down the tide the centuries glide
Behold America, the pride,
The radiant queen of all the earth,
A nation of exalted worth.
Possessed of a boundless fame,
Her glorious attributes proclaim.
Skill, science, love to linger there,
In wealth, refinement, equal share,
She holds with other favored lands,
The heart beats warm, the brain expands,
And stimulates the thoughts sublime,
In that delightfully tempered clime,
Where Learning's valued thought is free,
And Mind is more than Pedigree.

IN THE DELLS.

ACH. : In the quiet, dreamy dells,
Overhung by towering hills,
Sylvan warblers, tinkling rills,
Purl and ring like chiming bells.
Mingling music, rarely sweet,
Sweet the song the ripples sing,
As the pebbles flash and fling,
Drops of spray whose murmurs greet.
Now the happy woodland choir
Blending with their warbled song
Witching strains are borne along
Grand composers might inspire.
Birds flit down from leafy spray,
Pinions in the rivulet lave,
Skim along the rippling wave
Then on glancing wing away.
Merrily the leaf-hid bird
Trills of home and dear delights,
Flock around him feathered sprights
With their airy flights deferred.

O delicious atmosphere,
 Lovely Innocence might dwell
 In the cool secluded dell
 Or blest spirits there appear.
 Here I yield to blissful dreams
 Where the vine-twined bower tree weaves
 Lattice work of lacing leaves
 That obscure the sun's bright beams.
 Softened shaded rays emerge,
 Shimmering sunshine sifted down
 Through the linden's leafy crown
 In prismatic hues diverge.
 On a grassy slope reclined
 In a dreamy reverie
 Garbed in golden imagery
 Pleasing scenes divert the mind.
 Fancies quaint keep joyful reign,
 Bright and happy memories glide
 In an ever-flowing tide
 Through the mazes of the brain.
 In the dell embowered in shade
 Fancy roves on pinions light,
 Winging her erratic flight
 In the bright cloud colonade.
 Wild and darkly beautiful
 Are the scenes within the dell,
 As it were enchanting spell
 Would our restless spirits lull.

CLOUDLAND.

ACH.: Bright Cloudland's temples reach the skies,
 And fair cloud palaces arise,
 While through far vistas I behold
 The cloudy curtains wide unrolled,
 And deep within the silvery lining,
 Soft lights and richest tints combining.

There Cloudland's billowy plains expand,
There mountains rise, and castles grand,
And while dim distance intervenes
The clouds resemble earthly scenes,
They float beneath the azure ceiling,
All beauteous hues and forms revealing.
Who would not soar on pinions free,
Up where the cool cloud caverns be,
Abode of those bright beings fair,
Inhabiting the realms of air,
There joined with gay ecstatic fancies,
They whirl in swift aerial dances,
The phantoms glide in changing crowds,
Amid the silver-tinted clouds,
Their shadowy forms are often seen,
In sombre garb or brilliant sheen,
Though dimly through the cloud's embrasure,
While flitting in the fields of azure.
In azure seas, round cloudy capes,
Fantastic images and shapes,
Each basking in the sunshine floats,
Soft breezes waft their fragile boats.
Between the rifted clouds propelling,
Their cloudlet sails so airily swelling.
But when the gorgeous sunrise drapes,
The phantom forms, aerial shapes,
Celestial tint, Auroral hue,
The Morning's misty veil imbue.
Oh then the pearl tinged clouds of morning
Aurora fills with rich adorning.
Resplendent tapestries unfold,
Revealing through the gates of gold,
The sun-bright, pure cerulean dome,
That canopies the spirit's home,
Those happy regions light and airy,
Where flutters airy sprite or fairy.

HECTOR AND ACHILLES.

The heaven's bannered troops advance,
 Parading in the blue expanse,
 Their airy evolutions ply,
 With march and countermarch, on high;
 In fields where golden sunshine blazes,
 They glide in labyrinthine mazes.

LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

ACH: : Pale regions of the midnight sun
 Thou land of ice and snow
 O where the freezing torrents run
 And Artic tempests blow
 Is the Frost King's glittering capital
 Mid the glaciers and the valleys
 In an iceberg hollowed palace
 There he dwells and keeps high carnival.
 Throughout the chilly lingering year,
 Through cheerless summer day,
 The sun slants down the turning sphere
 Oblique and frigid ray
 Where the great white bear pursues the seal
 To his home in frozen Ocean
 As he glides with agile motion
 Boldly where the surface waves congeal
 Polaris in the zenith shines
 The constellation wheel
 Around him while in radiant lines
 The silvery starbeams steal
 And the night is almost bright as day
 In the realm of sunless winters
 Where the chrystal spires and splinters
 Glisten in mild Luna's tempered ray.
 The Frost King's magic wand doth swing
 As sculpture l forms are born,
 The snowy draperies to fling
 And statutes to adorn.

As ice-germs flash in halls of the North,
Queen Aurora Borealis
From her chrystal carven palace
Clad in rainbows merrily issues forth.
Land where the magnet ever turns,
Enwrapped in snowy shroud,
Where the brilliant arch sublimely burns
That spans the dusky cloud.
While Aurora from the luminous verge
Darts her rainbow-tinted streamers
O'er the sky in wavy tremors;
And they oft in bright Corona merge.
More beautiful than dawning day
The changing colors graceful play
And streamers vivid sheen,
Swiftly gliding waves and golden streams,
Till the beautiful Aurora
Seems to mirror Heaven's glory
Blending hues and softly brilliant gleams.

THE STORM.

ACH. : Sultry it was in midsummer noons,
Prosiest works all mingled in rhyme,
Flowerets entwined in the gayest festoons,
Withered away in a moment of time.
For the moisture was gone from the dry, dusty earth,
And the drought was upon us, and pleasure and
mirth
Could be thought of no more, while the people com-
plaining,
Muttered God is unjust, we are suffering and
fainting.
Out of the West then the hurricane blew,
Black scudding clouds swept angrily by,
Gathering shadows, gloomier grew,
Concealed from the earth the sun and the sky.

From the summit of Heaven methought that I heard
 The command, "Go, prepare ye the way of the
 Lord,"

For our God goeth down with His lightnings and
 thunders,
 To rebuke the proud people with terrible wonders.

Suddenly flashed the electrical spark,
 Roared the loud thunders over the plain,
 Ribbons of flame illumed the deep dark,
 Clouds emptied down their torrents of rain.
 And the windows of Heaven were oped far and
 wide,
 While the waters rushed forth in an unceasing tide,
 Till a voice cried for mercy, just faintly replying,
 'Twas the voice of the people, with groaning and
 sighing.

AFTER THE STORM.

ACH.: After the storm the rainbow appears,
 Circling the sky with radiant line,
 While the sun's rays, dissolving in tears,
 Wept by the clouds, now smilingly shine.
 And a voice seems to say from the gloom that en-
 shrouds
 I have set for a token my bow in the clouds,
 If to-day I afflict with the tempest of sorrow,
 Yet the skies will be brighter and fairer to-morrow.

Bright, gorgeous hues in beauty combine,
 Blending in one harmonious whole,
 Throned on the bow God seemed to recline,
 While from our view the clouds onward roll,
 And His voice we may hear from the clear azure sky,
 I remember my word in the days gone by,
 And my bow in the heavens I do place for a token,
 I will keep through all time this promise unbroken.

Beautiful bow, companion of storms,
Why with the storm dost vanish from sight,
Silver tipped clouds, of fairy-like forms,
Melting away, continue their flight.
How serene is the hour, how refreshing and bright,
And the purified air we inspire with delight,
Then is Nature attired in her radiant adorning,
As delightfully cool as the dew-sparkling morning.

SUNRISE.

ACH. : How sweet the charms when Nature wakes
In woods and lawns and meadows.
Midst forest glens and tangled brakes
Flit everchanging shadows.

Far East the pearly tints of dawn
We ken with apt acumen
But soon Aurora field and lawn
Will beauteously illumine

Along the sky the colors creep,
Their beauty still increasing ;
Long lines of red far skyward leap
And blend with hues most pleasing.

Uprising from the leafy rim
That bounds our feeble vision
The smiling sun seems praising Him
Who gave light-bringing mission.

Bright hours when merging into days
Dim Darkness yields her power,
And poured abroad the sun's warm rays
Fall fast, a sparkling shower.

The spires and dwellings of the town,
The hills and streamlets glisten
Sweet sounds from far come murmuring down
We would be still and listen.

In all the trees the happy birds
 Their merry tunes are singing,
 List tinkling bells of grazing herds
 Their chimes in concert singing.
 Within the bush the throstle sings,
 Where dewdrops bend the daisies.
 The blue-bird skims on tiny wings,
 And soaring, chirps sweet praises.
 Serenely smiles the morning beam,
 The Eastern slopes reflecting,
 Send back again the sunlight gleam
 To quiet dells directing.
 There's beauty in the rising sun,
 In clouds the sunlight tinges.
 Around the clouds bright colors run
 With variegating fringes.

NOON.

HEC.: A vertical sun proclaims high noon
 I shun his fiercely burning beam,
 And now a dish of cool ice cream
 Would be a most refreshing boon.
 Now taking my rest where sun cannot shine
 Would seek repose in leafy bower
 To dream through sultry noontide hour
 In arbor green where grapevines twine.
 Perhaps recline in clover-gemmed sward,
 Where shamrock on its trefoil stem
 All round **my** glassy couch does hem
 That naught in the world could make him arouse.
 The sun shines fiercely on scorching plain,
 The maiden flees at this sultry hour
 To silence and her cool bordoir
 To there arrange for another campaign.

She counts her lovers by tens, by scores,
 As a nun repeating *Ava Maria*
 Would count the beads in her rosary,
 And everyone his goddess adores,
 But she is as cool as the summer cloud
 Now floating in the atmosphere
 And seems a gay pavillion there,
 The spirit's happy bright abode.
 'Tis the sultry, sweltering noon,
 I sigh for a breath from a colder clime,
 Or to be on the mountain heights sublime
 Or soaring afar in the light baloon.
 Then had I bird's light pinions, away
 Far above to altitudes cool I would fly,
 And be but a dot in the azure sky
 Until the mild hours of closing day.

EVENING.

HEC.: Now, gentle reader, by your leave,
 I sing again, 'tis twilight eve,
 Full soon the tender leaflets close,
 All Nature seems to seek repose.
 The silvery moon with tranquil ray,
 More pleasant than the light of day,
 Beams tenderly on vale and hill.
 And glimmers on the rippling rill.
 Anon the gay mosquito comes,
 Unweariedly around us hums,
 He sings his droning lullaby tune
 But, oh! he sends his bill too soon,
 Now list the plaintive wail of cats,
 About the time of flitting bats;
 Alas! there are two kinds of bats,
 One flies, pursues the other cats.
 And borne upon the gentle gale,
 As I have said, their mournful wail,

Ferocious felines on parade,
Prepared for war or serenade.
Bold vocalists and warriors they,
And bound to follow "old dog Tray,"
Grimalkins forte is not to sing,
But capture mice upon the wing.
Around the house and field may range,
For music I desire a change ;
A change there is, oh ! give us pause,
The boy on squeaking fidd'e draws
His bow at random, children cry,
Till soothed by mother's lullaby.
We soon shall hear the dulcet flute,
The soft guitar, or lover's lute,
Or note of plaintive whippoorwill,
Re-echo from the distant hill,
And list the turtle's mournful coo,
'Tis now the hour when lovers woo ;
To well-remembered trysting place,
She comes with dimpled rosy face,
A beauteous girl, by Cupid led.
Of graceful mien and airy tread,
Bedecked in fashion's bright array,
With silent foot-fall, as a fay,
Or angel from the shining sphere,
Called Venus' name to lovers dear ;
Oh, yes ! and Cupid lend's her wings
And happiness her lover brings,
A bird has whispered Beauty 's there,
Our happy hero doth appear ;
A sprightly youth of handsome form,
And with him comes a breathing storm,
Of fond affection, blushes, sighs,
And love's dear questions and replies,
Methinks that should amuse an owl,
More mildly make a savage scowl ;
With heavy step and locks unshorn,

There strays a bachelor forlorn,
 Long since his hopes to zero fell !
 But hark ! the infant's dreadful yell,
 Now let us hasten, Love is told,
 And everybody's growing old,
 Farewell to Ponto, let him howl,
 Good-bye to flitter-mouse and owl,
 His drowsy song the night-bird sings,
 And slumber comes with downy wings.

MIDNIGHT.

HEC. : Grim midnight now the shapeless fright
 Within the ebon halls of night
 Sits on his throne of deepest gloom
 That spectral lights can scarcely illumine,
 While pale and glimmering ghosts attend.
 Those midnight rioters expend
 Their wits in frightening credulous folks
 And perpetrating solemn jokes.
 At midnight hour when lights burn blue
 Appears an awful bugaboo
 Then too the fleet, light-footed ghosts
 Come gliding to their several posts
 With countenances sad and pale.
 All light and noiselessly they sail
 Each mocking imp or fleeting shade
 Arrayed in gloomy masquerade
 But with the pearly tints of day
 They canter off in sad dismay.
 At midnight hour in fairy bowers
 The fairies dance among the flowers.
 With flower wreaths crowned mid moonlight
 sheen
 They lightly trip upon the green.
 While gloomy elf or merry fay
 With fairy song or elvish play
 Now totter on pale Luna's beams

HECTOR AND ACHILLES.

Then vanish like elusive dreams.
Hobgoblins now begin to scare
And witches sailing through the air
Their broomstick horses they bestride
And all equipped afar to ride.
But let us know what mortal do,
The visible world again we view
The dance goes on in lighted hall
Entrancing music of the ball
Gay gentlemen do there parade
With ladies dance and promenade.
They exercise their skipping powers.
And caper in the wee sma' hours,
In light parterre or brilliant hall
We hear the ladies' footsteps fall,
Their merry laughter now and then,
And boisterous laugh of gentlemen.
Adown the dimly lighted street
With wary glance and cautious feet
A lone pedestrian doth stroll,
The placid burglar on parole.
A quiet gentleman genteel
For money makes his last appeal
He enters some unguarded home
About the premises to roam
Supplies deficiencies of cash
Around him deadly weapons flash,
As seen by a lantern's gleaming ray,
Departure takes as best he may.
But, hush, what sound the stillness breaks
And slumbering troops of echoes wakes
As from the hills they swiftly pour
It is the deafening roar
Of laughter or tumultuous row
Of youngsters stealing homeward now.
Or wild discordant minstrelsy.
Of gentlemen upon a spree,

Are bound to have a jolly lark
And makes the whole community hark.

MAY MORNING.

ACH. : Bright vernal morn, thou art mild and serene,

Earth is attired in the beauty of May,
Bees, birds and blossoms enliven the scene,
Charming our senses with varied display.

Queen of the morning, Aurora appears,
Robed in purple, with golden-tinged curls,
Rising in splendor she rains dewy tears,
Night's chilly vapors condensed into pearls.

Shadows are merged in the brightness of dawn,
Mists glide away from the sunshiny hills,
List in the dell, duckling forest and lawn,
Singing of birds, in soft tremulous trills.

Charming and grand are the scenes we behold,
Woodland and glade, sparkling dew-gems adorn,
Shrub-dotted slopes are illumined with gold,
Bathed in the smiles of the beautiful morn.

Birds blithely warble in leafy green bowers,
Tossing the dew from their delicate plumes,
Gardens and grass gayly garnished with flowers,
Fragrance emit in delicious perfumes.

Showers of April and sunshine of May,
Carpet the earth with a velvety green,
Humming-birds a-flutter o'er blossoming spray,
Fluttering pinions of varying sheen.

Beautiful May, brightest gem of the year,
Wilt thou not linger our earth to adorn ?
No ; like the morning just dawning so clear,
Passing away as our youth's rosy morn.

Beautiful morning of beautiful May,
Calling to mind happy days of our youth,
Preamble gay to our Life's glaring day,
Cheering us oft in Life's journey, forsooth.

APRIL.

HEC.: Wild Winter's cruel, chilling blast,
With clouds and storms of winter past,
The wildwood warblers homeward winging,
Their olden melodies are singing;
With shower or shine and smile so arch,
Mild April follows stormy March.

Fair April, smiling midst her tears,
As winter slowly disappears,
The merry mouth of bud and blossom,
When verdure starts from Earth's cold bosom,
Revivified by vernal showers,
A summer robe begemmed with flowers.

With April's light and varied song,
Old Winter charmed, now lingers long,
And April with him still coqueting,
Anon, his older claims forgetting,
Then listens to that beauteous boy,
As Summer woos the maiden coy.

He comes as comes the purple Morn,
His chariot by zephyrs borne,
With sunshine reins and gossamer traces,
He teaches them their proper paces,
With blushes stolen from tropic blooms,
And breathing out their rare perfumes.

Obeisance makes with bow profound,
And she with pink peach blossoms crowned,
To sweeter speech demurely listens,
Her brow with diamond dew-drops glistens,
Bright portion of her garland wreath,
O Summer, with your fragrant breath.

Your silken song if caroled well,
But courtship is a bewildering spell,
Although your coming is propitious,
Yet April, merry and capricious,

May wish to conquer other worlds,
 And trust you like coquetish girls.
 When pensive Melancholy reigns,
 And song-birds twitter sad refrains,
 While Earth seems overgloomed with sorrow,
 We know there will be bright to-Morrow,
 The clouds and rain will flowers bring,
 Returning birds will sweetly sing.
 The charming ways and beauty wild,
 Oh! Nature's petted, darling child,
 She still attracts, though not deceiving,
 Her wedding robes now deftly weaving,
 Entwines with sunshine's golden threads,
 Sweet garden flowers and blooms on the meads.

PRELUDE TO NATURE.

ACHILLES:

Come sprightly Fancy from thy fairy flights
 Bring rich Imagination's sweet delights,
 From distance thou must recall my Muse
 With bright artistic beauties to infuse
 My poems, so that gilded graces throng
 The dreamlike architecture of song
 With all the varying rhythms of Thought's
 light roundelay
 Akin to merry music's showery spray.
 And while imagination skyward skims
 Blithe Fancy roves the realms of humorous whims
 With flashing rays that come and go at will;
 The soul of man with sweet emotions thrill
 Cause Thought's gay blooming flowers to fall in
 showers
 To brighten and make glad the gloomy hours.

NATURE.

Bird-song, flower-bloom, bright sunshine and the
 rain

Flower mottled verdure of mountain, land and
plain,

Beauteous changing sceneries of valley and glen,
Make our sin-cursed world like Eden bloom again.
From ravines amid hills there glides the purling
rill

Over dancing ripples sunshine flashes trill.
World of beauty, world of gladness, where we
dwell.

All the beauteous forms of life and being tell
Of a metaphoric language quaint and bland,
Fair figures of speech they ornament the land.
Ken the rhythmic cadence of Nature's Poesy
Sweet as when the clinking spheres made melody.
Sunshine smiles on verduous slopes the live long
day,

Flowers dot the fields in beautiful array.
Rippling rills and foaming cascades in the glens
Arching o'er the spray the mimic rainbow bends.
Twilight shadows there contrasting, dark or bright,
Coming, flitting, cause perpetual delight
Midst the waving boughs the blue of heaven be-
tween,

Azure blent with vegetation's deep rich green,
Sapphire skies the emerald spray has all concealed,
Then again broad lakes of azure lie revealed.
Flaming sunshine coyly glimmers down the deep,
Shady dell where shadows cool their revels keep.
Round cerulean skies faint colors flash and die.
Brighter colors gleam in sunshine's golden stream.
Midst the foliage green soft flecks of sunshine fall,
Mottled rings of light pervade the gloomy pall.
When the toil-worn traveller scales yon mountain
height

All the inspiring scene imparts supreme delight.
Kingdoms of the world seem gathered at his feet
States or sovereigns in dim confusion meet.

From that height he scans the world in miniature,
Unto realms afar that distance will obscure.
What a gorgeous panorama there unfolds,
What a grand, resplendent pageant he beholds.
Down the terraced hills the shining rivulets run,
Burnished lines of silver gleaming in the sun.
Sunshine gleams on waving woods so far below.
Fallen from the mountain top the cool winds blow,
Eagles from their eyries, grandly wheeling, fly,
In the atmospheric sea twixt earth and sky.
On that isolated point so near the skies
Man a lonely sentry may philosophise.
Clouds beneath him float around the mountain
 curled
Oft conceal from view the lovely lower world
Till the changing currents rend the cloudy veil
And a burst of sun-bone lightens hill and dale.
Mountain torrents flash adown their mighty wall,
Echoes faintly ringing to the valleys call.
Over leagues afar the sweeping vision flies
Where the distant landscape in creamy splendour lies,
Checkered o'er with farms and fields along the plain,
Fields of growing maize and fields of golden grain.
Woods to shrubby thickets dwindling in the dim,
Distant scene that bound the far horizon's rim.
Far and far away where earth and sky unite
Real to the unreal seems to take its flight.
As the lands unknown the imaginative mind
Peoples with wondrous beings like to human kind,
Even that leafy rim for aught the view can tell
Fringes the shadowy land where elves and fairies
 dwell.
Forms of vegetation we may faintly trace
Seem so well adapted to the pygmy race.
At the foot of the mountain there sparkle the rills
And a rich mellow light is flooding the hills,
That the beautiful valleys are laughing between

HECTOR AND ACHILLES.

Robed in velvety verdure of bright vivid green.
How magnificent grand yet enchantingly fair
Is the mountain that looms in the ambient air.

SONG.

HEC.: The songster awakes in the green sylvan
bowers,

Caroling blithely away,
And freely exerting his musical powers,
Ever so happy and gay.
Warble away ever so gay,
Carol thy rapturous lay.

And flitting the dew from his delicate plumes,
Sounds his detectable gong,
Imbibing the air and delicious perfumes,
Sweetens his gay morning song ;
Singing his song all the day long,
Sounding his musical gong.

The fair tints of morn on the dew-spangled mead,
Follow the shadows of night,
Darkness and gloom from the bright sun recede,
Flooding the world with his light ;
Fervidly shine luminous mine,
Shine till the daylight's decline.

The song-bird retreats to the cool, darkling dell,
Singing enchantingly there,
And boldly and long will he carol, and well,
Cheerily drives away care ;
Folding his wings, merrily sings,
Faintly the dell's echo rings.

SUMMER.

ACH.: Come tripping Muse, nor should'st refuse,
To tell us with appropriate phrase,
Of radiant sheen and changing scene,
Summer's ever varying phase.

For now the sun's bright chariot runs,
Up to the Northern tropic line,
And turning, then hies South again,
Till cold, oblique his rays do shine.

As Summer comes the brown bee hums,
In pastures white with clover bloom,
And lovelier grows the opening rose,
With texture wrought in Nature's loom.

And all in tune in merry June,
The birds trill forth their melody,
Time slips along with sweet bird song,
In shaded parks or verdurous lea.

In meadows mown with cheery tone,
The lark springs from the rowen green,
With antics gay the squirrels play,
Beyond the forest's foliage screen.

On zephyr wings sweet summer brings
The glare and glowing warmth of noon,
Enchanting morns or night adorns,
With splendors of the harvest moon.

These summer days the tasseled maize
Bends to the gale like pliant trees,
The tall plants lean in dark rich green,
And wave and rustle in the breeze

That softly blows along the rows,
The blades and silky filaments,
The sun and rain to form the grain,
Bestow a happy influence.

Fair fruitage grows on bending boughs,
And when the sultry summer comes,
Then with a blaze of golden rays
The sun tints purple grapes and plums.

And paints the peach, and gives to each
A delicate and rare pink tinge,
Out blooming flowers that wreath gay bowers,
Or ornament the streamlet's fringe.

The fruits and grain their growth attain,
While in their cells the juices dance,
Abundant yields from fruitful fields,
Provide our yearly sustenance.

Then from the North comes blowing forth
Chill Autumn's breath, that fades the flowers.
The sunshine glints on Autumn tints,
That crimson all the woodland bowers.

NOON REST.

HEC.: Upon a low-crowned shaded hill reclining
On verdure of velvety grass,
The sultry summer noon I pass,
Perhaps may feel the sunbeams fiercely shining,
As when the rays pervade the leafy lining,
And then I find a deeper shade.

O sward sprinkled over,
With blossoming clover,
At ease my weary limbs are laid.

The beautiful shamrock on hillocks, in hollows,
Bright smiling from a trefoil stem,
All round my grassy couch does hem,
Above me skim or glancing wings the swallows,
Like murmuring waters rippling o'er the shallows,
With melody the bird-voices chime,
The woodlands are ringing,
Where wild birds are singing,
The happiest song of summer time.

Along the sky the ravenous hawk is stealing,
Some heedless creature to devour,
I view him from my shady bower,
On fluttering pinions poised 'neath heaven's blue
ceiling,
Or soaring high, in circles grandly wheeling,
And envy him his airy height.

Had I eagle's pinions
I would seek his dominions,
And rival him in lofty flight.

THE CLOSING YEAR.

ACH. : The gloomy days and leaden skies
Of bleak November, come again,
And leaves late tinged with Autumn dyes,
Are falling in the sleety rain.
November's chilling air has blown,
From regions cold, where Winter dwells,
Alas! the summer birds have flown,
Adown to milder parallels.
And Summer's latest blooming flowers,
Have faded in the year's decline,
And arbors green and trellised bowers
Their pleasures and their shades resign.
The earth has passed her summer's day,
Once verdant fields are brown and sere,
And summer's beauteous array,
With flowers and birds will disappear.
For Winter, from that land of death,
Where oft the strange Aurora glows,
Is hastening now with gelid breath,
From realms of everlasting snows.
He follows in the path of storms,
Or silver tips the twigs and fronds,
A gloomy wreath midst shadowy forms,
As earth her ermine mantle dons.
And lightly falls the feathery snow,
He sheets the surface of the streams,
The ornate boughs wave to and fro,
While sunlight on the forest gleams.
The frost-gems sparkling in the sun,
Are glittering like jewels rare,

And ere the mimic work is done,
Is earth like fairies palace fair.
Now to renew our energies,
Kind Christmas comes with pleasant cheer,
Amidst the gay festivities,
We while away the closing year.

CHRISTMAS.

HEC. I sing the happy holidays
When Christmas splendid gifts displays.
A merry Christmas then to all
Upon our huge terrestrial ball,
And turbinating planet.
At parties gay on Christmas eve
The people many guests receive.
In song or chat glad voices trill,
Some whirl away in light quadrille
To witching strains of music,
Or listen in the lighted hall
To merry music of the ball.
The fiddler in his skill delights
Upon his fiddle softly smites.
Afar sweet sounds are floating
While far around his arm he flings
The music glides from fiddle string
Electrifies the dancer's heels.
In waltzes, schottisches and reels
Promoting mild flirtations
At change of tune or interludes
They pose in elegant attitudes.
The gentlemen do lively skip
And lovely maidens gentle trip
Is as light as fairies footfall.
To wondering little girls and boys
Old Santa Claus distributes toys.
With reindeer team he comes from far
Where eager, curious children are

Brings store of toys and treasures.
The little ones then shout with glee
And have a general jubilee.
For many wonders they disclose
While each one through his stocking goes
The contents to examine.
O gladsome day when Christmas comes
The yule log burns in happy homes,
Upon the laden Christmas trees
Are costly gifts and toys to please
The big and little children,
Who now from far to view the wares
Are thronging all the thoroughfares.
For people young and old aspire
To jewel's gleam and gay attire
Rich splendor of apparel.
Ah Christmas is a pleasant hoax
To amuse the old and younger folks.
The gayest time in all the year
When cares and sorrows disappear
Is merry merry Christmas.
A time of kind remembrances
When all should do their best to please.
And many whose hearts in love will chime
Will launch their barques at Christmas time
On the matrimonial ocean.
December days so crisp and cold
Will render them supremely bold.
So during pleasant winter days
Along the smoothly beaten ways
The merry sleighbells jingle.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

HEC. The spectral form that rules the storm
King Winter shrieks from his icy throne,
The best of globes her ermine robes
Of purity has now put on.

Along the stream with laugh and scream
 Each skater skims with graceful curves,
 Gay songs and games and courtship's flames
 For home delights will aptly serve.

The sleighbells chime like jingling rhyme
 And drown Love's whispered compliments,
 The snowstorm swirls the powdery whirls
 And Mirth has all pre-eminence.

ACH. The vernal season decks the lea
 Mild airs disperse the wintry gloom.
 While showers and shine their powers combine
 Bring verdure, leaf and bud and bloom.

Now leafy spray thwarts sunny ray,
 Mid shadows cool the warblers sing,
 Bright blooming flowers will wreath green
 bowers

As winter clouds are vanishing.

The cool, sweet air is everywhere
 Of summer's humid harbinger.
 Refreshing rain will clothe the plain
 With an emerald sea. Far lovelier

The sylvan scene of varying green
 Of changing shadows, shifting light.
 For golden summer now will come
 On murmuring gates will wing his flight.

While rosy dawn illumine lawn
 With radiant vermillion rays
 The feather'd choir 'twild all inspire
 To trill their native songs of praise.

Delicious morn ! awhile adorn
 The shadowed planet silvery moons
 That float in space, Long summer days
 Will bring the sultry glaring noons.

The summer days to fiercely blaze
 Till Time brings round the fall o' the year.

Then fruits galore we lay in store
 All gathered for our winter cheer.
 Now Autumn prints her beauteous tints
 Upon the forest's garniture
 Resplendent dyes; while genial skies
 Send down an atmosphere so pure.
 A soft still mist of amethyst,
 The Indian summer's smoky veil,
 Hangs o'er the hills, ravines and rills
 Till winter gale spreads snowy sail.

HEC. Had I the nerve, the poet's nerve,
 I would employ as gorgeous Muse.
 Would sing the Mind or human kind
 Or warble Love's bewildering ruse.
 As round my soul emotions roll
 Earth's beauteous scenes have lightly stirred.
 My Muse should float on golden notes
 And flaunt like gaudy tropic bird.

THE AGREEMENT AND SYMPATHY OF
 NATURE.

ACH.: Once long ago in the ancient times,
 Commingled with the spheric chimes,
 The morning stars in unison
 Chimed praises to the Architect
 Of Universe, while Heaven's elect
 Sang praises to the Mighty One.
 As when one carols a charming song,
 Accompanying music glides along,
 Each lingering strain with rapture dies,
 There trembles down the rhythmic chords,
 Responsive melody of words,
 While song and music sympathize.
 So now in Nature's concert hall,
 Sweet sounds from far do softly fall,
 Upon the pleased and listening ear.
 The bird song echoing o'er the hills,
 Is answering to the purling rills,
 The wind's soft melody we hear.

HEC.: Yes, sweetly at the earliest dawn,
 Come echoing over field and lawn,
 The woodland warblers' symphonies.
 There rings from multitudinous throats,
 A chime of clear, mellifluous notes,
 And Nature's pleasing melodies.

ACH. : The new-fallen snow of luminous white,
 Will make dark winter days more bright,
 Conceals the earth all brown and bare.
 The smiling sunshine, vernal showers,
 Will beautify our earth with flowers,
 Soft green relieves the Summer's glare.

For summer's heat the cooling shade,
 And leafy bowers has Nature made,
 As it were a slight equivalent.
 To cool and purify the air,
 Relieve from drouth or sun's bright flare,
 The sweet, refreshing rain is sent.

The bird-song in the wilderness,
 A lonely traveller may bless,
 Or solitary desert bloom ;
 With loveliness may softly stir,
 The heart of some far wanderer,
 And wait to him a sweet perfume.

So singing birds and blooming flowers,
 Will glad and grace this world of ours,
 While softest tints and blending hues
 Will variegate the rural scene,
 Or cloudy canopy with sheen
 Aurora ; tints that charm the Muses.

ORION.

HEC. : Sing to the glad New Year, the happy
 dawning year,
 The starlight glitters cold,
 The world is blithe and merry, sorrow would be-
 gone,
 Gay pleasure's wing unfold.

The sweet-toned bells are ringing a merry, merry
 chime,
 To greet the glad New Year ;
 Advancing gaily now with bright and lively step,
 Begins his bold career.

The starlight twinkles over the busy, bustling
 world,
 Has hushed the hum of trade,
 While gas-jets of earth rival Heaven's chande-
 liers,
 That the azure arch inlaid.

Each constellation bright of dazzling, blazing
 suns,
 The spangled sky adorns.
 While blustering Orion magnificently shines,
 And imminent danger scorns.
 He has whirled round the world since the days of
 patient Job,
 The patient printer Job,
 Fierce Taurus to distract and guard the gentle
 twins,
 While circling round the globe.
 Helmed warrior of old with angular-spangled
 head,
 And shining belt and sword,
 The zodiacs grand troupe thus started on their
 march,
 Ere zodiacs Lion roared.
 Brave general of the zodiacs, marching in the sky,
 With arms and armor bright,
 Disturbs Equator's balance and brings such storms
 on earth,
 As might o'erwhelm us quite.
 From midst the starry realms he smiles serenely
 down,
 And deals the fleeting years,
 Then beams upon our planet, spinning round in
 space,
 To the singing of the spheres.

THE BALL.

Come go to the festive ball among the gay elite.
 Where gentlemen so prim in store-clothing fleet.
 And there the lovely fairies trip with twinkling feet
 In gorgeous raiment sweet.

Chorus.

They skip around with merry whirls
 In mazy dance meandering
 A jolly group of boys and girls
 Till fleeting hours the morning brings.
 Where shimmering silks parade and precious jewels
 shine
 There smiles will answer smiles and arms with arms
 entwine
 Anon the trained musicians tune their fiddles fine
 Rare melodies combine.

Just as on moonlit sward the elves and fairies prance
 So these with merry whirls now weave the rhythmic
 dance,
 Until Aurora glows with rosy countenance
 Required respite grants.

FINALE.

HEC: By the by, gentle reader, since life is too short
 To compose the "nice" poems we really "out,"
 Yet with feeble beginning our sty'us we ply,
 For, by patience, we hope to improve by and by.
 Our arrangement of poems is quite an anomaly,
 For they range from light song to elaborate homily.
 We have ransacked our brains to garnish our
 themes,
 All according to fancied ideals and dreams.
 And have wrought, though with rude architectural
 skill,
 With the meekness of Moses, but resolute will.
 We expect to be slain on the altar of criticism,
 Happily worried to death by the rude strokes of
 witticism.
 We have sung with great pleasure the beauties re-
 fined,
 And the brilliant, prominent graces of Mind.
 As the Muses ordained, lightly carolled of Love,
 Sung of angels below and of angels above.
 And with praises appropriate, balanced quite evenly,
 We have lauded the earthly, extolling the heavenly.
 While the lords of creation we do not dispraise,
 Though renowned for their crooked and wandering
 ways.
 They are not classed with the angels — a little
 below,
 And are nought but poor mortals, as they ought to
 know.
 We have tried to paint Nature's most beautiful
 scenery,
 Daring Autumn and Winter or Summer's bright
 greenery.
 Fare you well, gentle souls, you have followed us
 long,
 Down the changeable themes of this volume of song,
 And a patient perusal should please you we know,
 Since the Muses bestow such a luminous glow.
 We belong to one race and the same human family,
 So we hope that kind Fortune will smile on you
 bairmily.

THE BEAUTIES OF THE MIND.

ACHILLES :

The mind with all sweet elegancies,
 Abounds with inequalities,
 The depths of sorrow and despair,
 Oft clouded o'er by gloomy care,
 The sunlit hills of hope and mirth;
 Like superficies of the earth,
 With mounds and hollows sinks or swells.
 And oft the mind's secluded dells
 That unimpassioned thoughts pervade,
 Are cheered by bird's blithe serenade.
 These Hope's ecstatic pleasure thrills,
 They flit from mirth's bright, sunny hills;
 Thoughts ripple on to lighter themes,
 Contrasting with the dell's day dreams.
 The Mind brings apt appliances
 To improve the essential qualities;
 And there is Wisdom's happy home,
 There learning too, delights to roam
 Like garden plots or cultured fields,
 If rightly tilled abundance yields.
 Rich freights are brought from foreign shore,
 Bright Orient scenes and classic lore,
 Mosaic work the mind inlays,
 Her farfetched treasures there displays,
 Contrasting gems their beauties show,
 Contrasting thoughts all brightly glow,
 Contrasting, like the gay bouquet
 Of flowers culled for gala day,
 That bloom with tropic gorgeousness,
 The mind's light fancies opalesce,
 And while their graces scintillate,
 Enjoy a sparkling tete-a-tete.

HECTOR :

No doubt a brilliant conference,
 A gentleman of much nonsense
 Would rather tete-a-tete with girls,
 Anon they toss their glossy curls
 And chatter with great brilliancy,
 Eclipsing him most utterly.
 And so the chitchat trills along,
 With all the melody of song,
 Or rapidly as telegrams,
 The darling and most charming shams.

ACH.: Resplendent graces and refined,
Adorn, illuminate the mind,
With metaphors and images,
Embellished by the faculties.
The mind exalts our sentiments,
Communicates with every sense
From which crude knowledge is obtained,
By constant observation gained.
The transient scenes of varied kinds,
Are photographed upon our minds,
And lovely Nature's beauties rare,
Are known and deftly imaged there;
Bright glimpses seen mid coverts green,
While picturing the rural scene.
The mind eliminates the dross,
Bestows an iridescent gloss,
The while transparent beauties gleam,
Euclidate the glowing theme,
The home of all intelligence.
There thoughts acquire their elegance,
As gems are used to polish gems,
Deducing brilliant theorems,
The deep foundations of the theme,
Down which the rays of Wisdom stream.
The mind is thronged with odd conceits,
Imagination's gathered sweets;
And strange illusions, quaint and rare,
With superstitions harbor there,
Men's petted darling theories;
Called Hobbies by their enemies.

HEC.: Each man his hobby horse bestrides
And on to conquest gaily rides;
While caring not if high or low,
The adverse gules of Fortune blow,
Just as a plumed and mail-clad knight,
In gleaming livery bedight,
Proclaims himself with pompousness
The sturdy champion of distress.
But he, who rides the luckless beast,
Is most too wise to say the least,
He will perhaps be overthrown,
Who late midst knightly splendors shone,
Or prove egregious blunderhead
That pride has into errors led.
O let him ride his hobby-horse,
So recklessly upon his course,
He likely will fetch up somewhere,
Or on continually will fare.

HONORA.

Fair Honora,

Thou'rt surely bright divinity,
Or goddess of the olden time
Come back to earth; most certainly
A creature strayed from fairer clime.

Gay Honora,

Well knows she is supremely fair,
To please a score of nice young men,
Those favored objects of her care,
Still come and go, and come again.

Dear Honora,

Art fair, gay girl and very dear
To those same men as thou must know;
Smiles, dimples, come and disappear
On cheeks where damask roses blow.

Bland Honora

Has rosy cheeks and lily brow
Beneath her wavy raven curls,
Where smiles of sunshine, glinting now,
Illuminate that pearl of girls.

Bright Honora,

For Thought's light image, Mind's rare hints,
Are written on thy soulful face
As well as beauty's glowing tints,
Attractive to the bearded race.

Pure Honora,

Down in the deeps of thy dark eyes,
That sparkle with a merry light,
A world of tender pathos lies
And lingers there so calmly bright.

Blithe Honora,

Thy coal black orbs, whose sparkling rays
A thousand diamond glances fling,
All brightly in unnumbered ways,
The heart's delights are uttering.

HECTOR AND ACHILLES.

- Glad Honora,
 With lovely, mobile countenance,
 Whose facial, soft expressions show
 Effects of Thought's sweet variance,
 Or mirror Mind's diviner glow.
- Wise Honora,
 The golden beauties of whose mind
 Reflected from her speaking face,
 From out the soul's far depths have shined
 With winning and becoming grace.
- Grand Honora,
 Whose voiced expressions musical,
 Reveal the mind's magnificence,
 Sweet glances, bright and radial,
 Flash forth the soul's grand eloquence.
- Kind Honora,
 Her angel features softly glow,
 Illumed with Heaven's ecstatic light,
 As if no mortal cares could know,
 Or stormy sorrow's cruel blight.
- Sly Honora,
 Twin roses from Love's garden stole
 To bloom upon her dimpled cheeks,
 And there a gentle kiss for toll
 The ardent lover vainly seeks.
- Shrewd Honora,
 She glides along the sphere terrene,
 With form of dainty elegance,
 Heart conqueror, Love's reigning queen,
 She strives in love's light tournaments.
- Skilled Honora,
 There's many a gaudy chevalier,
 Or cynic bachelor forsooth,
 With drooping plumes, all out of cheer,
 Deserves our sympathizing ruth.
- Learned Honora,
 With splendors of a cultured mind,
 Whence emanate the florid phrase,
 Or brilliant sentiments refined,
 Evolved from Mind's meandering maze.

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